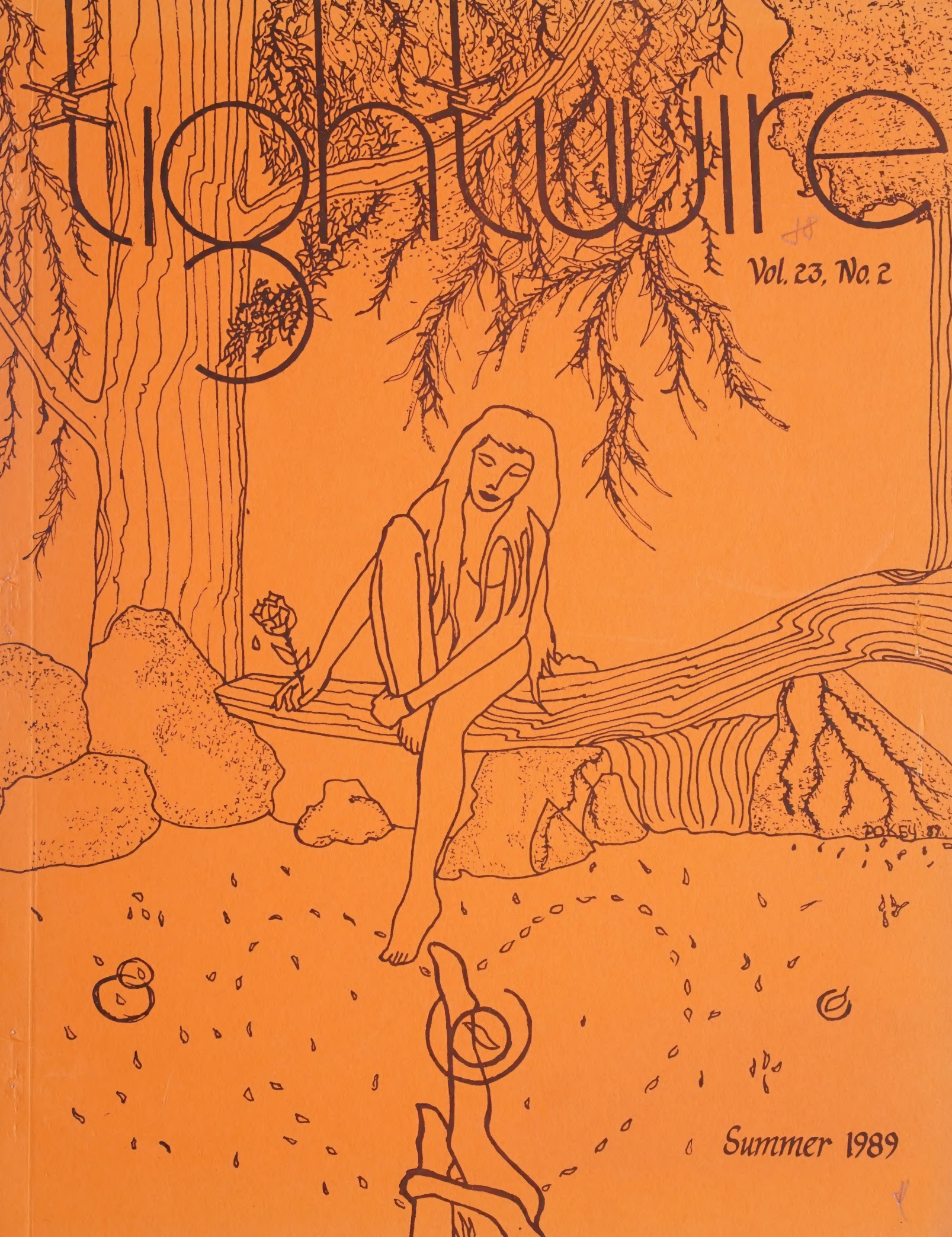




Visionaire

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POKEY 87

Summer 1989

TIGHTWIRE

S T A F F

EDITOR .. Jo-Ann Mayhew
Co-Editor .. Hash O'Keefe
Co-Editor .. Christina Boyland
"Corkie"

MANY THANKS FOR CONTRIBUTIONS FROM :-

BRENDA BLONDELL	BARBARA KINNEY
BRENDA CARVER	MARIE LEDOUXE
DEBBIE COYLE	MAVA
DONNIE DARE	BEV McAVOY
BARB D	TAMMY PAPIN
DORIANA	PATRICE
ELVA	LINDA PIMPARE
SHANNON & DEBBIE HARRIS	SANDY SAYER (SAM)
GAYLE HORII	C. STONECHILD
J.T.	FRAN SUGAR
CYNTHIA JUDGE (POKEY)	DANETTE WILLIAMS

SPECIAL THANKS FOR THEIR INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE :-

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT	JANET BURGESS
GERRY REBEC	DOROTHY MALETTE

LISA MacDONALD

TIGHTWIRE is a quarterly publication by the Federal Prisoners at the Prison for Women in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. All material is subject to Censorship by the Administration prior to printing.



* FUTURE VISION *

Corkie Boyland will be taking on the role of editor in future issues of **TIGHTWIRE**



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EDITORIAL

The new Commissioner of Corrections, Mr. Ole Ingstrup has taken firm control of the direction of Corrections by issuing his Mission Statement. It is clear from the core values expressed in this document that Ingstrup has a positive view of human nature. He has placed high expectations on both his staff and imprisoned human beings. The challenge of the Mission Statement is for ALL to be accorded human dignity and, for ALL, to be accorded the right to recognize their potential for human growth.

These expressions are lofty but abstract. The practical translation will be dependent, not only individual effort but tragically, on the already existing mechanisms of a system designed for and maintained by coercion. The conflict between the resources suited to human development and those suited to control has persistently plagued prison design.

I speak from the microcosm of P4W where over fifty years of regulations have been designed to meet the specifications of a limestone structure and not the needs of the women incarcerated within. Women are caged in bars and concrete, not because of their security level requirements but because cells were what were built in 1934. The fantasy of uncontrolled, untamed behavior suggested by the original design made control the cornerstone of all this prison's activity. With the fundamental model and the players remaining unchanged, how will it be possible to realistically begin implementing Mr. Ingstrup's Mission of recognizing human growth and potential? In my view, this will be unlikely without substantial change.

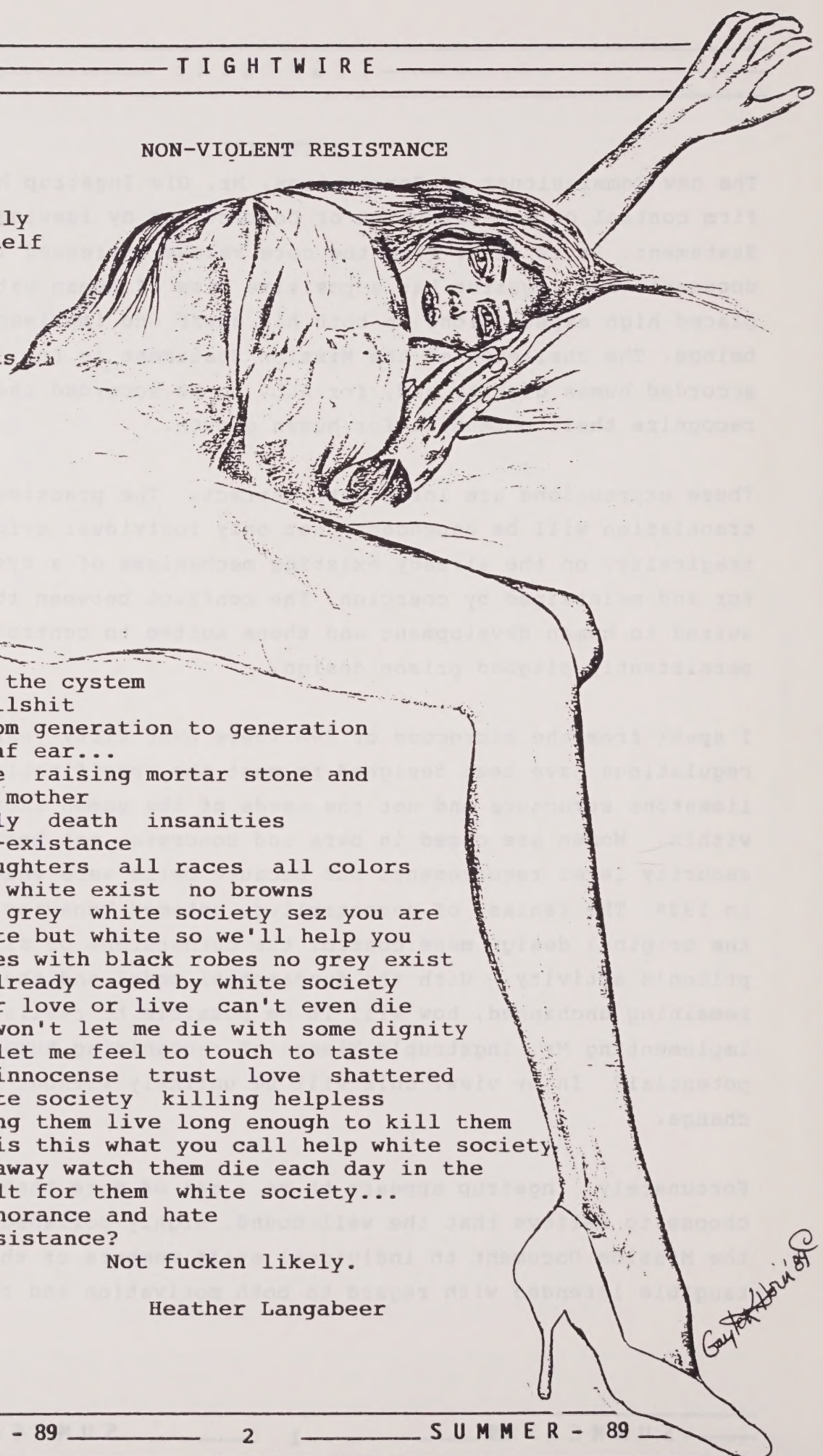
Fortunately, Ingstrup appears to be a man of more than words. I choose to believe that the well-bound, highly polished delivery of the Mission Document to individual staff members of the CSC was a tangible intended with regard to both motivation and respect.

NON-VIOLENT RESISTANCE

Perhaps...
 sitting partially
 un-read on a shelf
 in my cage
 a cage of many
 colors where
 only black
 and white exists
 no
 brown
 no
 yellow
 no
 grey
 walk by open
 graves
 voices
 whispering
 screaming
 violent rage
 brought on by
 the cystem for the cystem
 statistical bullshit
 passed down from generation to generation
 deaf ear to deaf ear...
 spiritual waste raising mortar stone and
 steel from our mother
 giving back only death insanities
 non-human non-existance
 mothers and daughters all races all colors
 only black and white exist no browns
 no yellows no grey white society sez you are
 poor illiterate but white so we'll help you
 say white judges with black robes no grey exist
 abused child already caged by white society
 cannot trust or love or live can't even die
 white society won't let me die with some dignity
 reach down to let me feel to touch to taste
 five winters innocense trust love shattered
 fucked up white society killing helpless
 children letting them live long enough to kill them
 again again is this what you call help white society
 you lock them away watch them die each day in the
 graves you built for them white society...
 ...built on ignorance and hate
 non-violent resistance?

Not fucken likely.

Heather Langabeer



TABULA RASA (BLANK SLATE)

THE IMPACT OF CRIME ERASES GOOD AND BAD MEMORIES
A LIFE LIVED BECOMES VOID
SO INCARCERATION DESTROYS.

WOMEN RETURN TO CHILD-LIKE WAYS
AS TIME CONTINUES SHREDDING THEM
AND STRIPPING THEM OF THEIR PRIDE.

CRUEL, HUMILIATING RESPONSES CHILL THE BREATH
AND FROZEN HEARTS REMAIN STIFF AFTER
HORRIFYING EPISODES.

TONS OF HUMAN FLESH BURIED ALIVE
WITHIN CONCRETE WALLS.

IN BONDAGE, VICTIMS OF THEIR CRIMES EXPELLED
FROM EQUAL RIGHTS.

A NUMBER AND A PICTURE DANGLE FROM ULTIMATE
DESPERATION UPON THE IMAGES FRESCO ON THE TABULA RASA.

doriana

DEC/88



In the case of Federally Sentenced Women, a Task Force has been established . Ingstrup's Task Force is made up of individuals from both the private sector and Corrections. It has a mandate to develop an Action Plan by December 15, 1989...Godspeed to those involved.

However, it is hard to maintain optimism in the light of past band-aid solutions offered to Federally Sentenced women. It is wise to remember that the speedy call for this Task Force follows the trauma witnessed within P4W and the death of Marlene Moore in late Fall of 1989. Our sisters, Marlene and Pat Bear, paid the heaviest of all prices for the deficiencies of a reluctant system. Throughout the recent months there have been many efforts by individuals and organizations such as CAEFS to bring the CSC to affirmative action on behalf on incarcerated women. These sustained inquires have helped prompt the course of action now being undertaken.

In a particular way, the readers and subscribers of TIGHTWIRE, by their support of this publication, have added weight to decisions which are bringing the problems confronting imprisoned women into action by political conscience. In my work as Editor, I have been consistently heartened by your response...my deepest thanks to all..

At this time, due to new responsibilities, I will be leaving the post of editor of TIGHTWIRE. It has been an extraordinary experience. I am delighted to pass on the unique opportunities of this role to the talents of Corkie Boyland. I will offer her my assistance in every way. I would like to offer a very special thank you to both

Hash O'Keefe and Corkie for the making this Summer issue of TIGHTWIRE unique....ENJOY!!!

meegwetch

Jo Ann Mayhew

Editor

1989

THE MISSION STATEMENT

"The Correctional Service of Canada as part of the Criminal Justice system, contributes to the protection of society by

ACTIVELY ENCOURAGING AND ASSISTING offenders to become law-abiding citizens, while exercising **reasonable, safe, secure and HUMANE control.** "

Ole Ingstrup

Commissioner of Corrections

"I think the whole Ottawa bureaucracy is so opposed to change. The only thing that will create change in there is five tons of dynamite. The interesting thing will be whether the bureaucracy tries to wait him out, or to actually **SUBVERT** what he is trying to do."

David Cole

(a prison law specialist)

Much time and great effort could make Ingstrup's MISSION a Canadian REALITY..... or are we too small...

too poor
to
dream??

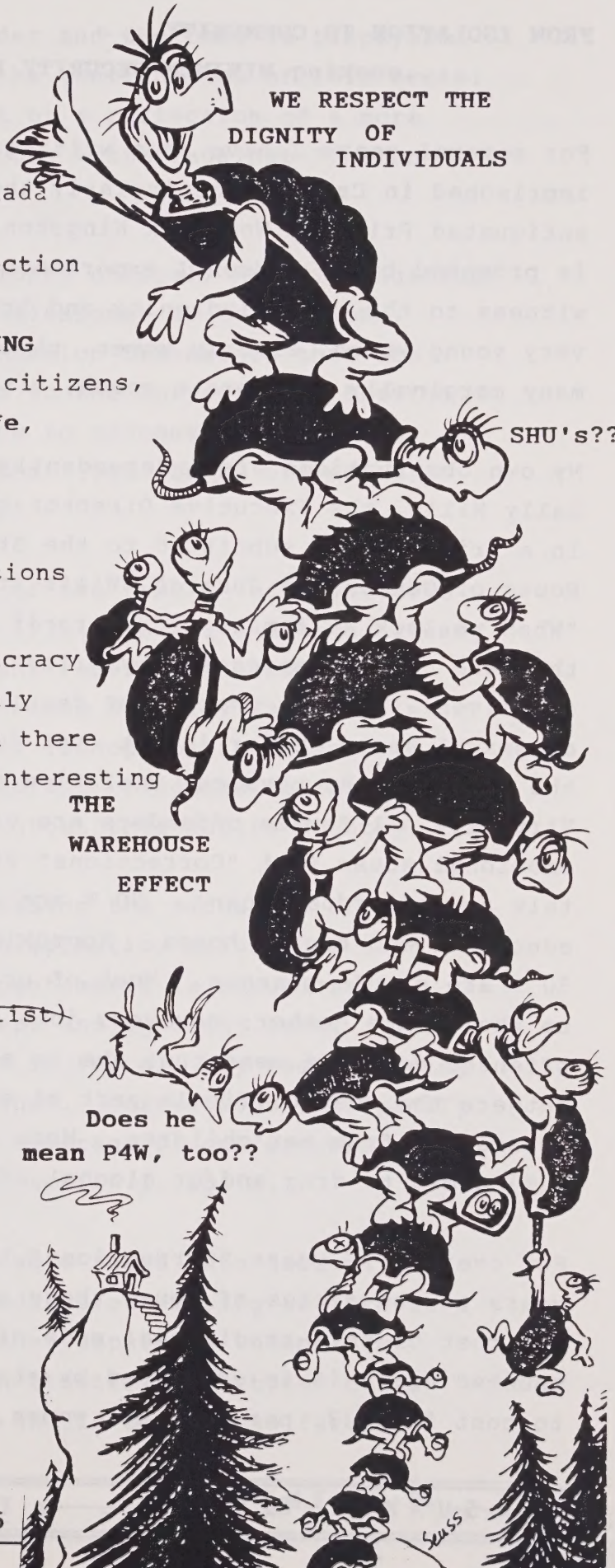
J. Mayhew

WE RESPECT THE
DIGNITY OF
INDIVIDUALS

SHU's??

THE
WAREHOUSE
EFFECT

Does he
mean P4W, too??



FROM ISOLATION TO COMMUNITY....**....seeking MINIMUM SECURITY FACILITIES 4 WOMEN**

For several years I have been writing on issues facing women imprisoned in Canada; particularly those incarcerated at the antiquated Prison 4 Women in Kingston, Ontario. My writing is prompted by my personal experiences and from being a captive witness to the pain, indignity and brutality inflicted on very young women, elderly women, physically ill women and many marginally illiterate women, with whom I live.

My own observations are independently reflected by those of Sally Wills, the Executive Director of Elizabeth Fry in Kingston. In a brief (1988) submitted to the Standing Committee of the House of Commons on Justice, Wills states that:

"When we look at female offenders it is quickly seen that they are doubly oppressed (by prison and the facts of their own lives). Ninety percent of female offenders are victims of sexual abuse and/or incest (yet "Corrections" maintains the right to the physical violation of arbitrary strip searching). Virtually all female offenders are victims of physical and emotional abuse (but "Corrections" will use Mace rather than talk an individual down). 90 % are women of poverty, low education and broken homes. Approximately 80% are mothers, 50 % are single parents. Most of us have a knee jerk reaction to the Inmate Mother; however, just because a woman is an offender does not mean that she is a poor parent. For most mothers the most difficult part of serving a sentence is the separation from her children. Most female offenders (approximately 80%) admit to drug and/or alcohol addictions."

For over FIFTY years "Corrections" has simply added pain-filled years to the cycles of abuse these women have already encountered. The cost of this traditional mode of incarceration has continually mounted until it is estimated by statistician Gayle Horii to cost \$80,733. per year per women. Against the realities

of the profile of a female offender and the cost to taxpayers, I continue to speculate whether the continuation of this brutal treatment of women is by accident or a reflection of a more sinister social design of "righteous wrath" against "fallen" women.

In 1988, a former Danish correctional official, Mr. Ole Ingstrup was appointed as our Canadian Commissioner of Corrections. Mr. Ingstrup has issued several Mission Statements that are intended to offer clear direction to the Correctional Service. He has also organized a Task Force to address the situation of female offenders. I am told that 1989 can be viewed as the "Year of the Female Offender."

I am not optimistic. The "needs of the female" offender have been studied to exhaustion since 1938! In 1989, I have already been told that the most significant remedy being considered is the construction of a 10-12 Minimum Security Facility in the Kingston area. This in itself is hopelessly inadequate. It demonstrates, once again, steadfast blindness to the realities of women in this prison and throughout this entire country.

I realize that remedies for addressing the situation of Female Offenders are complex. But the simplistic, naive idea that a 10-12 bed facility had significant merit is bureaucratic solutionism at a most cruelly inept and ignorant level. The only meaning to emerge will exist in the ol' boy back-slapping as construction contracts are signed. Corrections will pacify the public by high profile media coverage of conferences, substituting planning in place of action....again.

It is past time that basic facts were taken into account as the Correctional Services of Canada is attempting to formulate solutions. It must be accepted that deporting women from all across Canada to Kingston, in itself, constitutes cruel and unusual punishment. Nothing should be done to further

entrench this practice. Constructing any new institution in the Kingston area would both contribute to and knowingly compound the existing discrimination.

A viable, economical alternative would be to lease, or purchase for future re-sale, several houses that could accommodate a reasonable number of women. In many ways, there would be substantial benefits to following this course.

Financially, the cost off such an undertaking would be far more economical that the construction of yet another prison. The project could be viewed as a blue-print for a National network. Houses would be a Real Estate Investment and could be re-sold, as Provincial facilities developed and the demands on the Kingston area decreased. It would be an opportunity for a Government agency to demonstrate fiscal responsibility as well as engage in vibrant social change. These factors would be a healthy challenge to the status quo.

The need for several houses rather than one facility comes from an analysis of women's needs. The women in the custody of Corrections represent distinct groups.

Women sentenced to (relatively) short prison terms frequently warrant minimum security conditions after brief evaluation periods. In a Community Home they would be permitted and encouraged to make full use of community resources. Currently, the CSC pays substantial amounts to have self-help groups and counseling brought into the prison. These funds could be channeled to support and develop similar programs in the larger community.

Often, women doing long prison terms or even Life Sentences come to be viewed as minimum security risks. They regress when held in a Maximum Security environment over extended period of time. These women need relief from the harshness

The CSC has called 1989
the year of the female offender

.....

A Task Force has been
formed to look into the many
problems facing Federally
Sentenced Women....both
those in Kingston &
those held in Provincial
Buckets.

Incarcerated Women
suffer

the loss of children

the loss of community

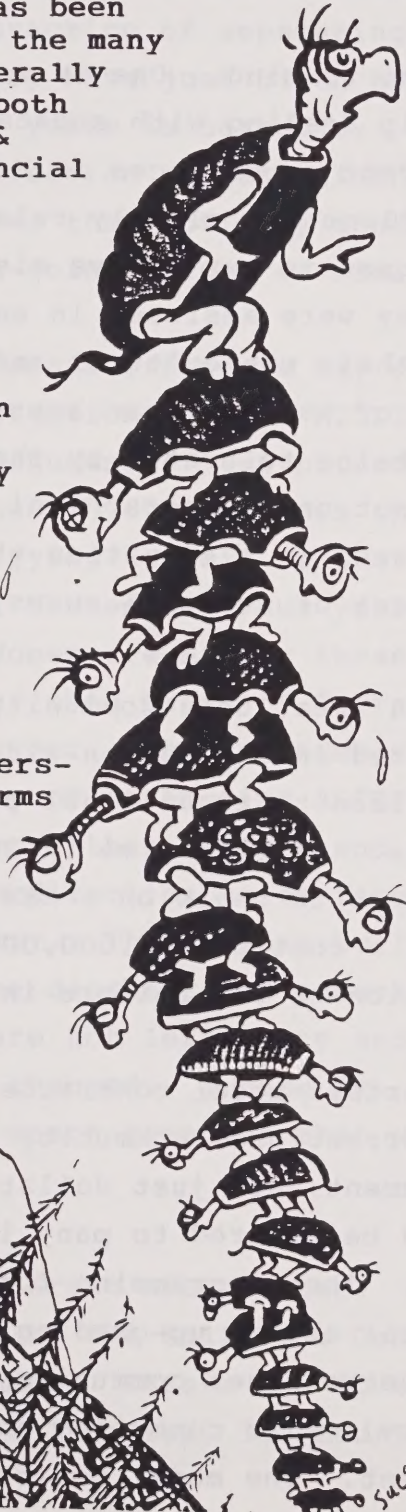
inadequate job-
employment training

no minimum
security facilities

no camps

no farms

no programs for Lifers-
women doing long terms



HEY!! HEY! HEY

OLE

are you building

ANOTHER

PRISON 4 WOMEN

to-day? in Burnaby*

or

will you at least wait to

read what the TASK FORCE

RECOMMENDS ? ? ? ?

* WHY THE RUSH TO DUPLICATE
THE HORROR OF TORONTO METRO WEST
OR THE MISTAKE AT P4W ??

of P4W but they would not be allowed access to the greater community. These women would need resources brought to them and a structure created through which they could earn community privileges to churches, libraries and a YMCA or similar.

Two other distinct groups come to mind. One is women who need and want substantial help dealing with substance abuse and past victimization. Current experiences at P4W are making it clear that both these problems are closely related. The other distinctive group of women is our Native sisters. They would be better served if they were assisted in setting up a residence in harmony with their own cultural and spiritual background. The dislocation of Native Women represents the most brutal form of outrage being tolerated by the Justice System. These women suffer not only geographical and family difficulties but are also placed in a situation where "rehabilitation" is standardized by an alien set of cultural norms.

If successful in the Kingston area, this Community Correctional Housing model could be expanded into a nation-wide network of such clusters. In comparison to traditional prison construction the savings would be enormous. At this time in Burnaby, British Columbia, construction is about to begin on a **NEW** traditional prison for 120 women that at a cost of **\$40,000,000**. The design for Burnaby is a modern version of the **failure** in Kingston.

In contrast to the fierce fortress model contracted by the mainly male enterprise of Corrections, community homes would demand intense human involvement; not just dollars, concrete and steel. Employment would be offered to many individuals with positive social skills. The programming for women in the areas of addiction, sexual abuse, up-grading of educational tools and job skills would serve other community members as both additional referral services to community agencies as well as a source of employment. The model would also be compatible with victim/offender reconciliation efforts.

Community models could easily be adapted to accommodate **MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN**. The grim and tragic family repercussions of sending mothers to prison is a fact that is ignored by the present system, as Sally Wills clearly points out. The institutionalized practice of separating women from young children to whom they have just given birth or have cared for over months and years is barbaric. Corrections should be moving in the direction of maintaining relationships, developing healthy growth rather than actively contributing to separation, its pain and the on-going trauma of dislocated primary bonds.

The Task Force on Female Offenders may direct decisions that will dictate the direction of MANY MILLIONS of social dollars. Many institutions dehumanize; but prisons, as they now exist, make it their business. Our brothers in American and Canadian prisons have been trying to tell us that prisons breed hatred, violence and social contempt. Four years within the walls of the Prison for Women are making these male realities my own. The price for this brand of Corrections in Canada is \$759,083,378. each year. The few number of women involved make the feasibility of attempting ALTERNATIVES practical. The issue is much more than dollars and sense, it raises profound questions as to the direction to be taken by the Justice System into the 21st century. The prisons built for women to-day will incarcerate the daughters of tomorrow - in increasing numbers. Prisons are not left empty and the social definition of crime is easily changed. I hope Mr. Ingstrup's Task Force will recommend and enact remedies that will avoid entrenching disaster.

Your concern and interest will matter. Ask more questions, send your own views to the Solicitor General, Mr. Pierre Blais at the House of Commons, Ottawa and to the Commissioner of Corrections, Mr. Ole Ingstrup, 340 Laurier Ave. W., Ottawa, Ont. K1A 0P9.

Meegwetch

Jo-Ann Mayhew

"SO FAR, BUT I LOVE YOU"

You are so far away
Farther than an arms' length
But close enough to say
That I LOVE YOU

written by a daughter
to her Mother in prison

You are so far, that I cannot see
But, I have a picture in my mind
They can't keep, that from me
But remember that I LOVE YOU

You are so far away, that I cannot touch
But I can still feel you in my arms
You are so far, I miss you so much
But I DO LOVE YOU

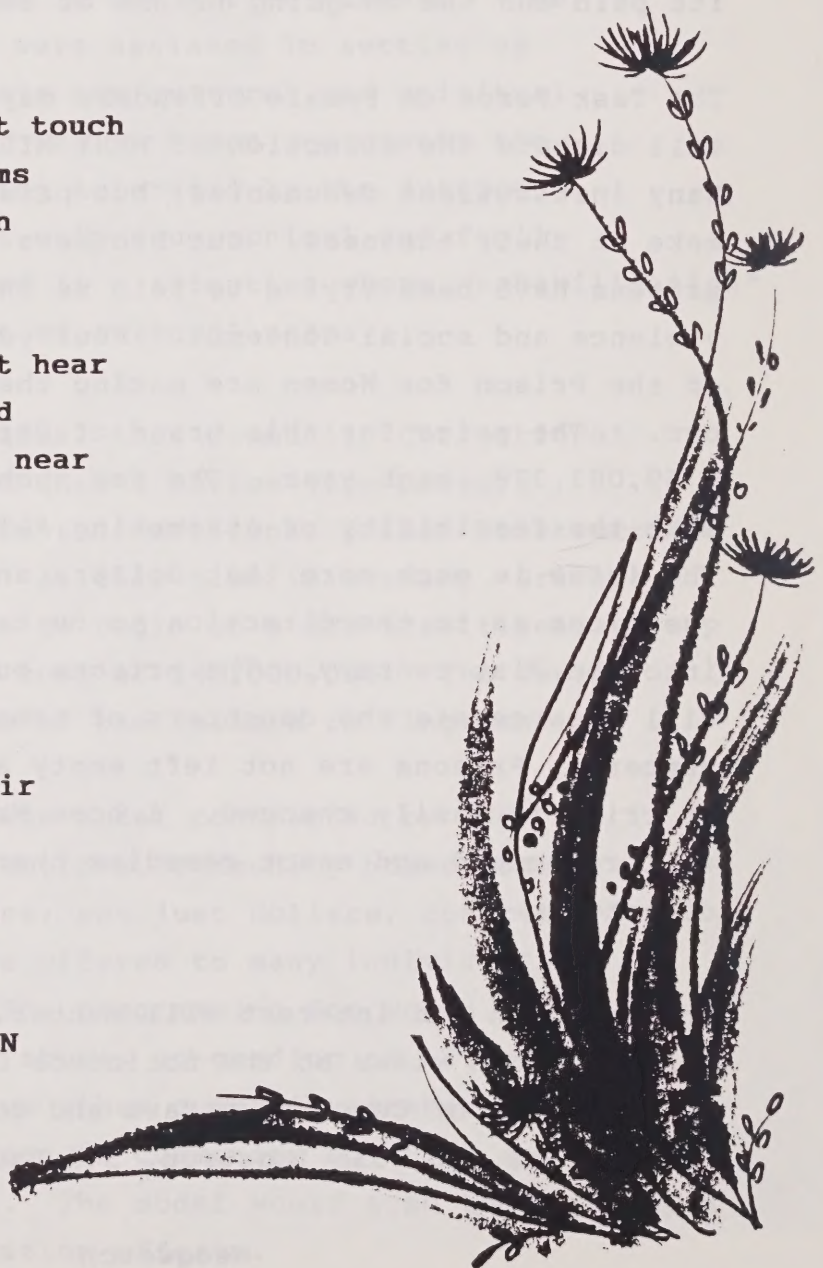
You are so far away, that I cannot hear
But I still have echoes in my mind
That way, you seem to be, so very near
I can say I LOVE YOU

"A FOREVER FIGHTING BATTLE"

I heard your voice
So sweet it made me cry
I so long to see your eyes
Once more blue like the sky
Your eyes seemed to have lost their
Sensation
Of the lost years gone by
It is quite the temptation
To say hello rather than good-bye
One day we will be together
And soon that day will come
We will be forever
And FIGHT a battle that can be WON

by

"SHANNON"



P4W inmates not free to roam

In the last three months, we at P4W have encountered a great deal of media attention. Unfortunately 90 per cent of it has been bad. At least once a week there has been feedback from people on the outside via the media. Some of the feedback has been in support of inmates, some has been against.

Most recently there was a letter written by Michelle Masters of Enterprise ("Day-to-day routine in P4W makes it impossible for guards to assault inmates," March 11) in response to Wayne Langabeer's letter.

It's very hard for me to believe that Ms. Masters had the nerve to say that Mr. Langabeer's letter was full of untrue facts and then go on to state what her "facts" were. Some of her so-called facts are totally ludicrous. Among these misguided statements some really stand out, such as: "Inmates can go wherever they please from 7 a.m. until 11 p.m."; "In segregation, inmates wander freely all day"; "Anyone who throws something is mentally disturbed"; and the unforgettable "It is impossible for a guard to assault an inmate."

This prison is, indeed, run on false hopes, lies and impossible dreams but I will not get carried away and just deal with Ms. Masters' "facts."

An inmate is not free to roam wherever she wants from 7 a.m. until 11 p.m. We have jobs from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m. and that is where we have to be or face disciplinary action. After 4 p.m. there is controlled hourly movement to a few areas — if they are open.

No inmates wander around segregation — except the cleaner. Inmates in segregation get taken to a shower three times a week and are permitted yard every other day — staff and weather permitting. At all other times they are locked in cells.

I myself have been in seg and have

never thrown any items; nor have many, many other women who have been there. When, on occasion, something has been thrown, it happens out of extreme anger of the moment. I don't feel that this anger or frustration qualifies them as mentally disturbed.

And if guards want to assault an inmate they certainly can. Ms. Masters says other inmates would stop it. Well, when you are locked in a cell and see a fellow inmate getting dragged by her hair by male and female guards, there is absolutely nothing you can do about it.

You will have to excuse me for forgetting about the good things we get; our three meals a day; our medication (much of which we must now buy ourselves on a pay of about \$4 per day); and our own bedding. The "only" thing we lack is our families? After reading these "facts," I started to wonder why I would ever want to leave this wonderful place.

Ms. Masters seems to know about Marlene Moore's death. I don't seem to remember seeing any Masters in seg when Ms. Moore was forced to lie on a cement floor with no mattress while suffering from a severe bladder infection. Nor do I remember Ms. Masters being there when a woman was told to strip in front of two male and three female guards . . . when she refused she was held down and a can of mace emptied in her face. Yet Ms. Masters seems to think that macing is a good alternative and Ms. Moore was insane anyway . . . so what the hell!

Marlene Moore was sane. She was physically ill. Her upbringing was one that you or I could never have endured. Ms. Masters states that people will believe Mr. Langabeer's article because they don't know any better. Michelle Masters, you don't come close to knowing the "facts" any better.

Hasheline O'Keefe
Prison for Women
Kingston

O'KEEFE AIRLINES

P R E S E N T S

HURRYPACK TOURS...

1st Day Leave Halifax or Vancouver International Airport at 4:35 A.M. ONE CLASS travel aboard CON CAN AIR. Your flight will feature random meals and arbitrary service.

2nd Day Up in the air ... maybe

3rd Day Arrive Kingston at 9:00 p.m. Notification of cancellation of single accommodation ... double bunking operational.

4th Day Morning tour of Kingston, Canada's Prison Playland.

Highlights include: Gothic Horror at 01' KP; a Disney World reproduction at Collins Bay as well as the relaxing country club atmosphere at Bath.

Evening dining at the Prison for Women...featuring a special menu designed by the O'Keefe Agency to meet the per diem regulations--Seal Flipper Pie, Cod Bits, Rabbit Soup and a Six Pack

5th Day Resume tour in Cor Can Green Machine (if available, these machines are modifications of Brinks Armoured trucks and are in great demand for medical escort squads.)

6th Day Tour P4W...don't miss the new floors in Segregation or the paint job in the Beauty Shop. The yard can be toured in under 5 minutes...if escorting staff is available; if the sun is shining, if no other functions are in progress and IF THE APPROPRIATE MEMO CAN BE LOCATED.

7th Day Back aboard the waiting Cor Can uni-engine flight. Only three quick stops (two for fuel and one for directions.)

8th Day In Air

9th Day In Air

10th Day Arrive at either Halifax or Vancouver (no choice) between 10:00 a.m. and Midnight, depending on weather conditions and fuel leakage

ONLY 49.50 per couple

INCLUDES TRANSPORTATION, MEALS , DRUGS, TOURS, TRANSFERS, FIRST AID, & PARACHUTE (opens on impact)

Travel Agent: HASH O'KEEFE

" LA PRISON "

Comme je passais les portes
je savais que je les passais
Pour les avoir barrées derrière moi
Quand j'ai rentrée dans cette place
je savais que c'étais là
que je ferais mon temps

Les gens autour de toi
te regardent et dans leur esprit
tu es seulement un autre comme eux
Mais a mesure que le temps passe
tu cesse de voir que c'est pas tout le monde
qui était assez mauvais pour être là
ou ils sont

Et quelque fois quand je regarde les autres
ils pensent en quelques sorte
qu'ils sont mieux que moi
mais dans cette endroit
j'en vois de toutes les sortes
Bon, mauvais, heureux et tres malheureux.

Linda Pimpare.



POEMA (TEMA PARA CANCION) de DESPECHO

era poca cosa
lo que entonces te pedía
-a lo más necesitaba

un abrazo
amigohermán

pero mi alma soñadora
era la que te imploraba
y tú no lo comprendiste

porque no
sabes amar

ya la barca de ilusiones
llega sobre la marea
de su carga de sortijas

mira ...
qué te compraré?

que tú luzcas como prenda
y recuerdes por doquiera:
el amor que me negaste

media vuelta
y lo olvidé



Angela de Hoyos

HUGS

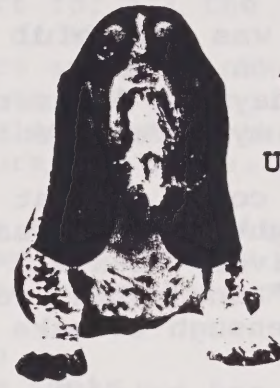
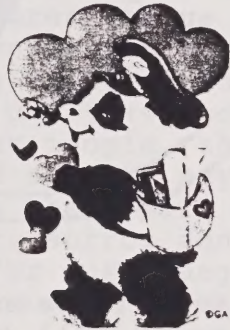
HUGS

HUGS HUGS HUGS

HUGS

Its wondrous what a hug can do,
A hug can cheer you when you're blue,
A hug can say, "I Love you!"
or

"Gee, I hate to see you go!!"
A hug is "Welcome back again!"
and "Great to see you!!" or
"Where've you been?"



the
human search
for
**ULTIMATE
MEANING**

A hug can sooth a young child's pain,
And bring a rainbow after rain,
THE HUG!! There's no doubt about it,
A hug delights and warms and charms
It must be why God gave us arms!
Hugs are great for Mothers & Fathers
Sweet for sisters, swell for brothers.
And chances are for favorite aunts
Ya love them more than potted plants.
Kittens crave, puppies love them
Heads of state are not above them,
A hug can break the language barriers,
And make the dullest day seem merrier,
No need to fret the store of them -
THE MORE YOU GIVE

THE MORE THERE ARE OF THEM!
So stretch those arms
WITHOUT DELAY
GIVE SOMEONE A HUG TO-DAY!!!!



Dedicated to SHANNON - a very special young woman.

"THE EVIL PANZOROTTI"

BRENDA BLONDELL!

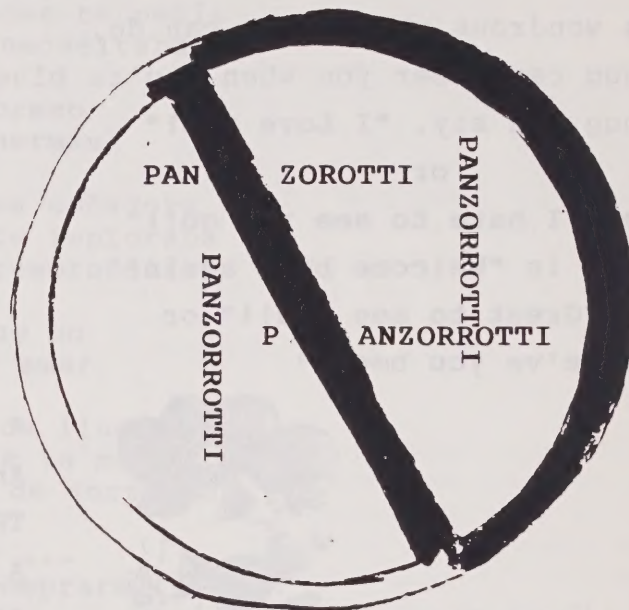
March the 7th was a fateful day,
I remember it oh so well,
that was the day the "Panzorotti's"
got loose and my career went
all to hell.

Yes I was the cook, on that
cold March night the menu said
Onion's and Liver, when all of
a sudden the "Panzorotti" rolled
past, it was enough to make your
heart quiver.

I did my best and tried to
ignore them, but it wasn't very
easy, for at my side not two
feet away was a screw called
Mrs. Quesy.

Now I'd had my run in's with
her before, that day I'd grieved
her twice. I knew if I even
looked at them I'd pay a heavy
price.

Well I averted my eyes, and stood
where I was, I didn't know
what to say, as one by one those
evil "Panzorotti's" leaped up
on the serving tray.



"Thag, take napkin.
Got some panzorotti on face".

Well it wasn't long, 30 second's
or so till they had disappeared,
and it wasn't long till I was
charged, just as I had feared.
Two day's later I was laying
at home thinking about Quesy
the cow, when they yelled,
out, BLONDELL, you have to see
the work board NOW!!

So I went in and sat and saw
the board, they looked just like
a jury, it didn't take long, a
minute or so, I guess they were
in a hurry.

They said, "You are suspended,
you are charged and on zero pay"
I looked at them, I smiled I
said, "What can I say"?

One day soon I'll go to court,
plead "not guilty" at my trial.
I'll have an expensive lawyer
there, it could take quite awhile.
They will probally find me
"guilty".

I only hope that they don't flog
me. I know how serious it is to be
found with an illegal "Panzorotti"
The moral of this story and the
end of my sad tale;

STAY AWAY FROM "PANZOROTTI'S", YOU COULD END UP IN JAIL!!!

Brothers, I open up my heart and tears to you
Remorse and bitterness fill my soul, I hurt for all the
Others that hold alot of animosity inside of them
The only outlet we have is our grandfathers and each other
Here we sit, from one side of the country to the other
Entertaining ourselves day in and out wearing facades that
Release themselves in violence, self torture and fears.

And the "Powers to be" classify us only as a # and a file
No feelings, no thoughts, no nothing. They see us only as
Destructable robots, that are dangerous and heartless; our

Spirits will always remain free and for no
Immoral reason shall we lower ourselves to their
Satisfaction of breaking us by locking us up and
Taking our responsibilities and decisions from us. In
Every soul there is strength so strong, that nothing or not one
Ruthless people can take from us but ourselves .. even then
Have pity for our people, that the system has taken from us
Our brothers and sisters may now be free but great spirit let us
Open our eyes to their pain they felt and let us all
Devote our anger, sorrow and pain in a positive way where we can
Set an example for our younger brothers and sisters
 that may face the same battles in the future

Sandy Sayer



EXPANDING SOCIAL REALITIES

This past Spring, as a staff member of TIGHTWIRE, I was permitted to attend and cover two very special events hosted by the Native Sisterhood at the Prison for Women. There were great teachings to be learned and experiences on both these occasions.

The first was a visit of over sixty students from the Carleton University School of Social Work. The visitors from Ottawa were warmly greeted after their long, early morning bus ride by a traditional cle of welcoming friendship. During the morning and afternoon a panel of Native Women from the prison shared the painful and tragic circumstances of their own early lives with the students. The future Social Workers became vividly aware of the trauma imposed by both the ignorance and arrogance of predominantly white mid-class oriented Children's Aid Societies. More was made clear in the softly, sometimes tearfully presented stories of individual women than would be obtained from years of dry, impersonal text-books.

Several weeks later, Bobby Woods, a Native Spiritual Elder, held a two day Spiritual Workshop. During this time, he gently, sometimes humorously, walked the participants through the cycle of life. A Sacred Sweat Lodge and a closing banquet were important parts of a natural renewal being brought to this prison.

The Sisterhood has recently announced that a limited number of non-Natives will be invited to attend future Sacred Sweat Lodge Ceremonies.

In many, many ways it is the Native peoples who are showing us the path to reconciliation and peace....Meegwetch

Jo-Ann Mayhew

Teen-ager's death seen as tragic proof of need for native social workers

BY GEOFFREY YORK
The Globe and Mail

REGINA

Marlon Pippin sometimes told his friends he was Spanish. Sometimes he said he was Hawaiian.

He idolized the white American rock stars of the 1950s. He dreamed of becoming a big-time musician one day. He planned to call himself Joey Fury.

The truth was that Marlon Pippin was a 17-year-old Indian from the Cote reserve in eastern Saskatchewan. But as a foster child in a white family in a city where prejudice and racism were common, he preferred to invent stories to explain his brown skin.

Six months ago, the teen-ager became depressed and suicidal. Twice he was examined by psychiatrists who said he was just a normal kid.

On the night of Feb. 1, Regina police received a report about a youth armed with a rifle. The youth was confronted by a SWAT team officer who fired four bullets at him.

Two of the bullets hit Marlon Pippin in the left hand and the abdomen. A few moments later, he pointed his rifle at his

forehead and killed himself.

The death of Marlon Pippin is a grim reminder of the almost complete absence of native-controlled child welfare agencies in Saskatchewan, social workers say.

In the final troubled years of his young life, Marlon had no contact with native child welfare workers or counsellors who could have helped him come to grips with his Indian identity.

His natural mother, Susan Severight of the Cote Indian band, is angry and bitter at her son's fate.

"He was a young boy, he was reaching out for help, and they shot him," Ms Severight said.

"Being raised in a white home, he wanted to follow their ways. But along the way he found that a lot of people don't like Indians. He was ashamed of who he was."

She believes her son should have received counselling from an Indian who would have understood his confusion over his identity. "Maybe he would have listened. It was needless for him to die

The Globe & Mail
April 24, 1989

INDIAN PRAYER

Oh, Great Spirit,
whose voice I hear in the wind,
whose breath gives life to the world,

Hear Me!

I come to you as one of your many children,
though I am small, and weak,
I need your strength and wisdom.
May I walk a path of joy and beauty,
May my eyes behold the redend purple sunset,
May my hands respect the things that you
have made.

My ears sharp to hear your voice.

Make me wise that I may learn
the things you have taught
your children before me.

The lesson's you have
hidden under every leaf and rock.

Make me strong, not to be
superior to my brothers
and sisters,
but to be able to fight my
greatest enemy,

My-Self!

Make me ever ready to come to
you with straight eyes,
so that when life fades,
like the fading sunset,
My spirit will come to you
without shame.

"unknown"

Submitted by,

Marie Custer (Ledoux)

"SOUL SEARCHING"

I speak for myself and maybe others when I say that born as a Indian, I was raised in a white society, everything was modern, by the book and strict. I try to understand my elders when they encourage you to learn our culture.

In my younger years I attended church and Sunday masses. I despised the priest for telling me in my confused state that the Indian way was evil and wrong. That in my young mind ruled, as I believed he was older and as I was raised, you were to always respect your elders.

As I grew older in years, my thoughts were very confused as to just how many Gods were there?? Why is the Great Spirit wrong and Jesus Christ right? Why is there so many church denominations that don't unite together?

I finally stopped believing what people were teaching me because the more I learned, the more I was confused. I now believe that there is only one Great Spirit, be it either God, Jesus or the Buddha.

No matter how or who you worship, I pray that no matter what color your skin is or what you believe in, that you continue to worship and pray to the Great One as you understand him...and if confusion does set in; Believe that no matter who or how many denominations exists, we are all brothers and sisters. Together we are all one people!

In Solidarity
Sam

like Jericho

I

she comes to me at night,
an emanation or dream,
and I must be satisfied---
this is a body I cannot hold.
this is a body
locked in a steel cage. away.

this is true:
her prison is no figment, no figure of speech.
onehundredtwentyeight bars are the facts
that keep her in place//////////and keep me out.
guards patrol the perimeter
of our visit policing for touch.
they force me to leave
before I have started.
I take with me a tiny thing her shadow
folded in my pocket
stolen past "Security."
(they cannot frisk for shadows)

II

last week she watched a love one
stripped mac-ed in the eyes
dragged down the halls
by her hair.
bleeding.
screaming.

last year she witnessed her lover
tie neck to bar to
end the undendureable.

the day after a death in prison
the lights stay on, florescent, relentless.
the woman line up, forced to drink
narcotics that numb their rage
blockade their grief
behind tear-less eyes.

as if they could be made indifferent.

III

she makes her own native medicines.
burns sweetgrass, eyes closed
she conjures the faces
of her spirit helpers. along, this night,
naked, round, feet planted
she stands arms upraised,
fingers stretching thru steel mesh, thru concrete,
thru the tiers of cells above,
to Sky.

she offers, she petitions
Cloud to unbolt a charge:
an answering arc of light
spasms down thru mouth, womb, out cunt
conducting down her solid legs
scorching thru floor cress and bedrock
to ground.

cells tremble, metal girders bend and buckle.
like Jericho, the walls tumble around her.
pulling up from the core
of earth she fills with white heat
of further purpose:

IV

by morning they will find her
as their own Night Mare:
her face painted red
with blood she has sucked
from the womb of her lover
her ears tatoo-ed
by the wild staccato beating
of her heart.

there is a righteous fire
from her eyes:
I can see her now:
she is waiting. she is ready.
she is warrior.
Flint Woman. Free.
keep of the fire.

passed on to TIGHTWIRE BY OUR SISTER FRAN SUGAR
MEEGWETCH!!!

CARLETON-NATIVE SISTERHOOD CONFERENCE

The Native Sisterhood prepared for the Carleton-Native Sisterhood conference with hope and a willingness to share. Nerves were up as they prepared for the day. Most Sisters didn't prepare speeches as they wanted what they had to say to come from the heart, not alot of words to be said by rote with no feeling.

I was unable to attend for the whole day, but what I did manage to catch impressed me. The sisters were sharing of themselves without reservation.

The thing that struck me the most was pain. Most of the sisters expressed great pain, when speaking of social services and social workers. The sharing had sprung from the hope that expressing the pain, anger and frustration, would not be shared by the future generations, of young Natives involved with social workers and social services.

Among the feelings that were shared, was isolation from their culture and their Indianess. The very thing, that they were, was and is denied. Negative attitudes about Natives and their way of life caused, social workers, foster parents and social assistance to ask Natives to deny and change, essentially what was themselves. They asked Natives, to kill what they were and try to rebuild themselves into a mold that they could never fit into.

I believe, that social workers should take a course in Native Life styles and Religion. Also, to require foster parents to take courses in Native ways and allow Native children to grow into self-respecting people. For social workers to allow children to remain at home or within their own family circle.

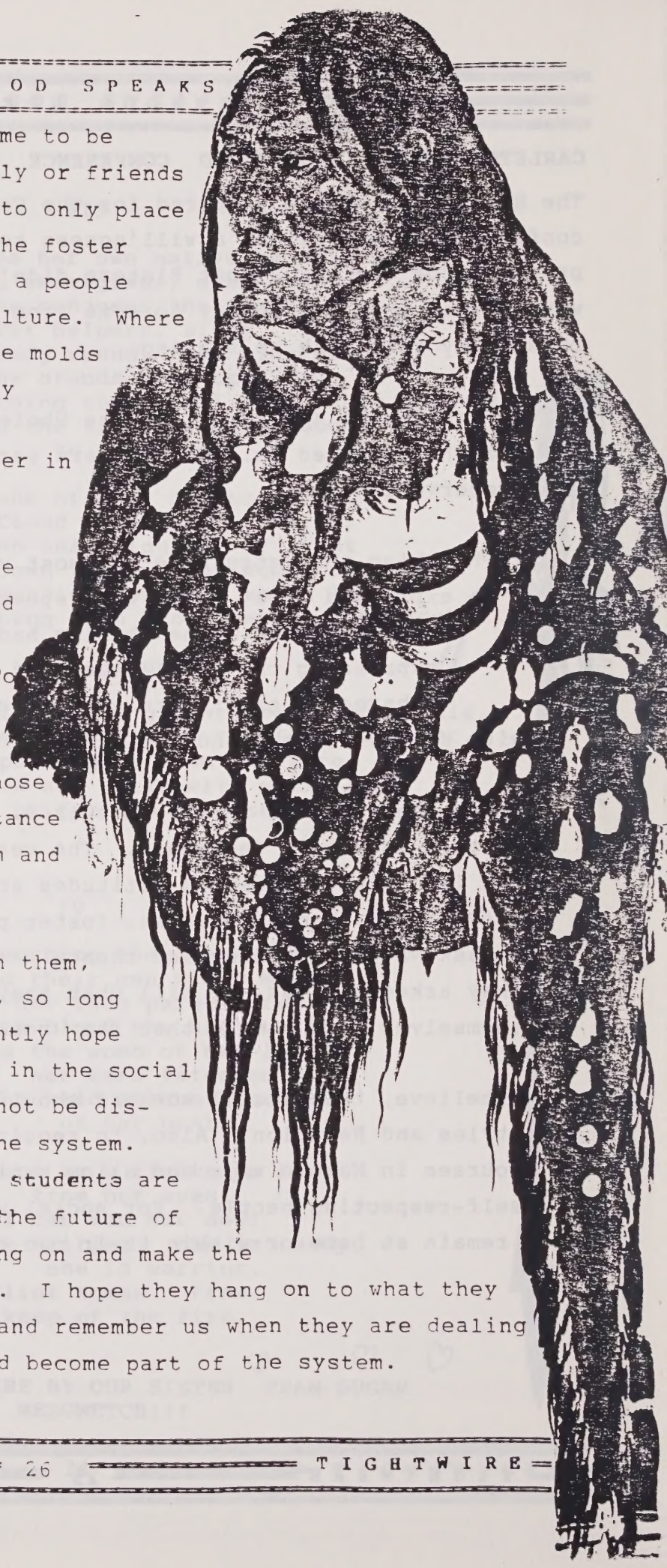
Cont

If not, for removal from the home to be temporary, until they find family or friends to look after the children and to only place these children in homes where the foster parents are aware of Natives as a people Native life style and Native culture. Where the children are forced into the molds of anglo society, they will only fail or become confused about themselves causing problems later in life.

The Social System must allow the adults to retain their pride and dignity, for without those two things, they become nothing. To To not pass out sympathy, but respect to those who must ask for assistance. And to help those now caught in the social assistance web, to extract from the system and regain what was lost to them.

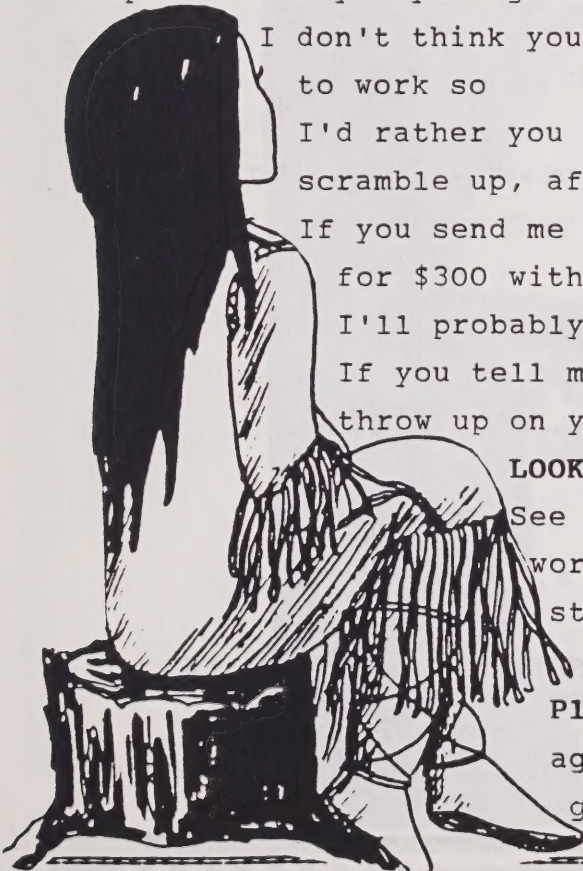
Carleton students took out with them, the hope and dignity of people, so long denied what they are. I fervently hope that as they enmesh themselves in the social work system, they hang on and not be discouraged or disillusioned by the system. They must hang on, because the students are the future of social work and the future of so many lives. I hope they hang on and make the changes within their own lives. I hope they hang on to what they heard from our chorus of pain and remember us when they are dealing with Natives when they move and become part of the system.

" DANETTE "



I AM NOT YOUR PRINCESS

Sandpaper between two cultures which tear
one another apart I'm not
a means by which you can reach spiritual understanding or even
learn to do beadwork
I'm only willing to tell you how to make fry bread
1 cup flour, spoon of salt, spoon of baking powder
Stir - add milk or water or beer until it holds together
Slap each piece into rounds - let rest
Fry in hot grease until golden
This is Indian food
only if you know that Indian is a government word
which has nothing to do with our names for ourselves
I won't chant for you
I admit no spirituality to you
I will not sweat with you or ease your guilt with fine turtle tales
I will not wear dancing clothes to read poetry or
explain hardly anything at all

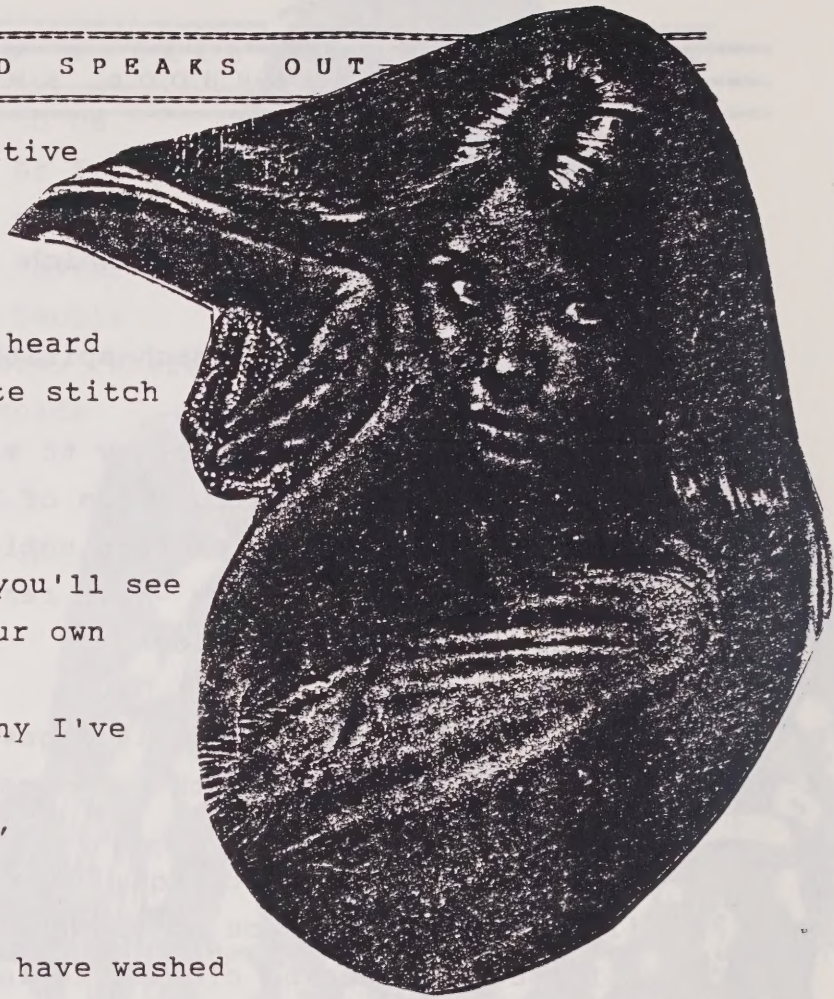


I don't think your attempts to understand us are going
to work so
I'd rather you left us in whatever peace we can still
scramble up, after all you continue to do
If you send me one more damn flyer about how to heal myself
for \$300 with special feminist counselling
I'll probably set fire to something
If you tell me one more time, that I'm wise I'll
throw up on you

LOOK AT ME

See my confusion, loneliness, fear
worry about all our
struggles to keep what little is left for us
Look at my heart, not your fantasies
Please don't ever
again tell me about your Cherokee great-great
grandmother

Don't assume I know every other Native
Activist
in the world personally. That I
even know the names of all tribes
or can pronounce names I've never heard
or that I'm an expert at the peyote stitch
If you ever
again tell me
how strong I am
I'll lay on the ground & moan so you'll see
at last my human weakness like your own
I'm not strong, I'm scraped
I'm blessed with life while so many I've
know are dead
I have work to do, dishes to wash,
a house to clean
There is no magic
See my simple cracked hands which have washed
the same things you wash
See my eyes dark with fear in a house by myself
late at night. See that to pity me or to adore me
are the same
1 cup flour, spoon of salt, spoon of baking powder, liquid to hold
Remember this is only my recipe. There are many others
Let me rest
here
at least



CHRYSTOS

"Especially for Dee Johnson "

This poem, an exerpt from the book **NOT VANISHING** by Chrystos, is published in an edition of 500 copies by Press Gang Publishers, 603 Powell Street, Vancourver, BC, V6A 1H2 - April 1988

*** PELTIER CASE REVIVED ***

At last the wheels of justice, is turning in the right direction. After 13 years our brother, Leonard Peltier, will finally have the opportunity, to an oral hearing at the Supreme Court of Canada, on June 12, 1989.

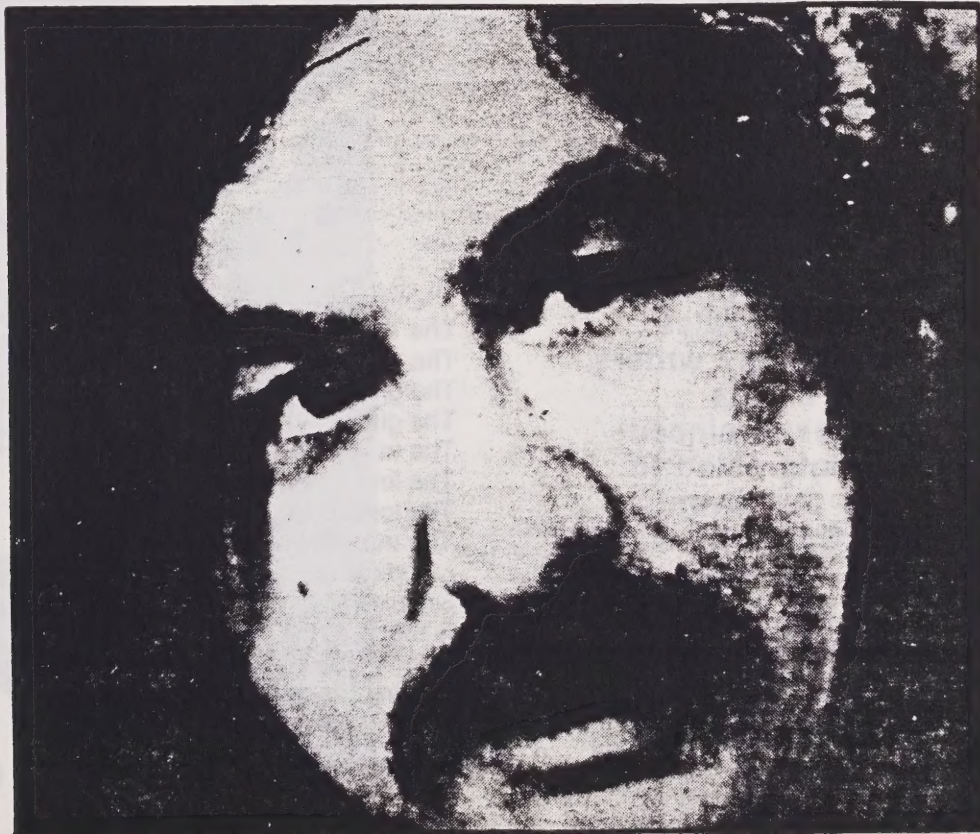
Leonard Peltier, an American Indian Activist, is serving two consecutive life sentences, in Leavenworth, Kansas, U.S.A. Peltiers' lawyer, Clayton Ruby, will try to convince the Courts, that the FBI falsely convicted Peltier, on the charges, that he has been paying for since 1976.

If the Supreme Court of Canada, were to correct this fraud, used against Peltier, the US officials may release Peltier back to Canada through diplomatic channels, or better yet, give him back his rightful freedom, that he has been wrongfully robbed of. For as long as Leonard has been violated, there began a battle for Peltier to be given the right to a fair trial and be extradicted back to Canada by our people.

Our native life travels in circles, what goes around comes around and it's about time, the Government opened their eyes, to the obvious bias in this particular situation. Let us just hope and pray, that the cover-ups, of the FBI will be revealed and brought out in the open, so that the Courts can see the injustice, of this case and do something about it.

It should be known by the end of the year, whether an appeal will be granted.

S.B.S.



10 May 1989

Advance Notice & Call for Submissions

A space

A Space, Suite 301

The Orient Building

183 Bathurst Street

Toronto, Ontario

Canada, M5T 2R7

Tel. (416) 364-3227

Prisoners' Justice Day Cultural Evening August 10, 1989

The Written Word
Committee of A Space Gallery
will be holding a Cultural
Evening on Prisoners' Justice
Day, August 10th, at 7:30 pm.

It will feature readings of
poetry, prose, fiction and fact,
songs and scenes from
Archambault Prison in Québec,
all by prisoners, ex-prisoners,
their friends and families.

If you know any writers,
song-writers or artists
(beginners or experienced)
who might be interested in
contributing to this event,
please phone Gay Bell at
(416) 466-3801, or contact A
Space. There will be a small
fee paid for contributions.

The Meaning of Jail
The moon, the stars,
The grass, the cars,
The girls, the guys,
The truth, the lies,
The love, the pain,
The loss, the gain,
The truth and sorrow,
of today and tomorrow,
Should I remember or
is there regret,
Should I be proud,
or simply forget.

Anon., Writer's Ink, Fall '84
St. Christopher House.

"LOVE PROVERBS ARE UNIVERSAL"

A Deaf husband and a
blind wife are always
a happy couple.
(French)

No hate is ever as strong
as that which stems
from love.
(German)

If the wife sins,
the husband is not
innocent.
(Italian)

That which is loved is
always beautiful.
(Norwegian)

Curse not your wife
at evening, or you
will sleep alone.
(Chinese)

When the heart is full
of lust, the mouth
is full of lies.
(Scottish)

Love and fear
cannot be
hidden.
(Russian)

Love is like butter,
it's good with bread.
(Yiddish)

PRISON WALLS

These prison walls are so very cold
 it seems that they make me grow old.
 I see the city lights from the dorm at night
 and how I wish I could drift out of sight.

The days go by so very slow
 and I don't let my pain show.
 I hide my pain, but not in shame
 I've caught on how to play their games.

Now the days have grown into months,
 my hopes are still high they have'nt sunk.
 I write my letters & the guards they send them out,
 someday i'll be free I know that without a doubt.

As I lay in my prison bed,
 I remember a lot of things my dad once said,
 then as tears fill my eyes
 I fight them back so as not to cry.

Eight months has come & gone
 My trial is now going on
 If God is with me I sigh...
 soon I'll be waving good-bye.
 to these cold-cold prison walls
 and the tears I have cried.

Barbara Kinny
 Innis Road Jail
 Ottawa, Ont



Respect August 10th

Arlene Cote
June 1980

Agnes Thompson
May 1979

Pat Bear
March 1989



Cathy Lamb
October 1985

Lynn Labasso
November 1982

Marlene Moore
December 1988

Isabella Fay Ogima
January 1979

Prison Justice Day

The Tears

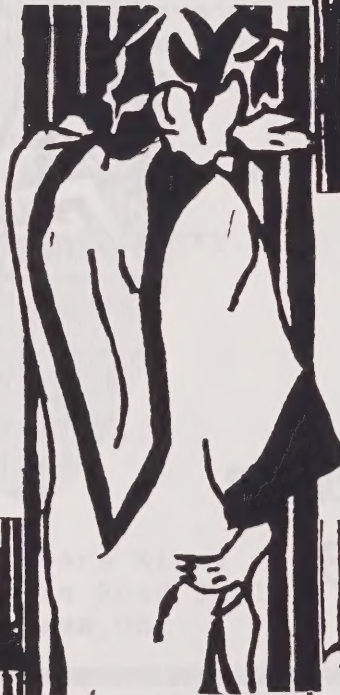
The Tears Still Start
 To well up in my eyes
 The Tears Still fall
 When I realize
 The Tears Still begin
 To spill down my face
 The tears from my heart
 Lost without a Trace

The Tears Won't Stop
 Coming from inside
 The Tears Still come
 That I've Tried to Hide
 The Tears Still flow
 Whenever I Think of
 The Tears Still Know
 That I'm Still in Love

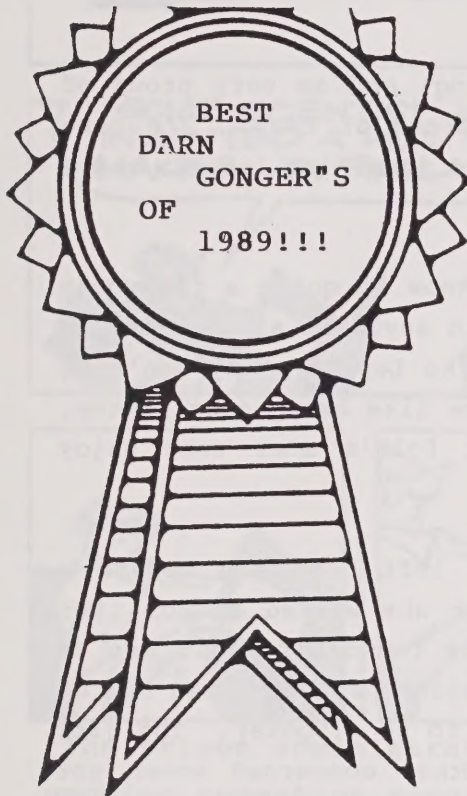
The Tears Still Start
 Remember Them all
 The Tears Won't Stop
 The Tears Still Fall.

To Marlene Moore
 I Love You
 Shaggie
 I Miss You!

LOVE
 Barb D.
 "BAD"



NEWS AND REVIEWS FROM THE BIG HOUSE



THE GONG SHOW

Expectations ran high on that fateful Wednesday night in late April. A number of prisoners competed fiercely with members of the Kingston, E. volunteers for the **PRAISE** and **GLORY** handed out to victors of the (hopefully) annual **P4W GONG SHOW**.

An outstanding panel of unbiased judges, including Hash O'Keefe, Musqua and Cathy were unanimous in awarding the Whistling Belly Buttons honors for originality. Rapping Cathy and her Rebels Rockers took it away for best costumes. The Most Soul Award went to Annie R. Our E. Fry volunteers walked away awarded with the Best Time Killer title.

Thanks to singer Kate White for her original music and songs..."Monkey in the Middle" being a favorite with the audience....
Let's play it again in '90!!

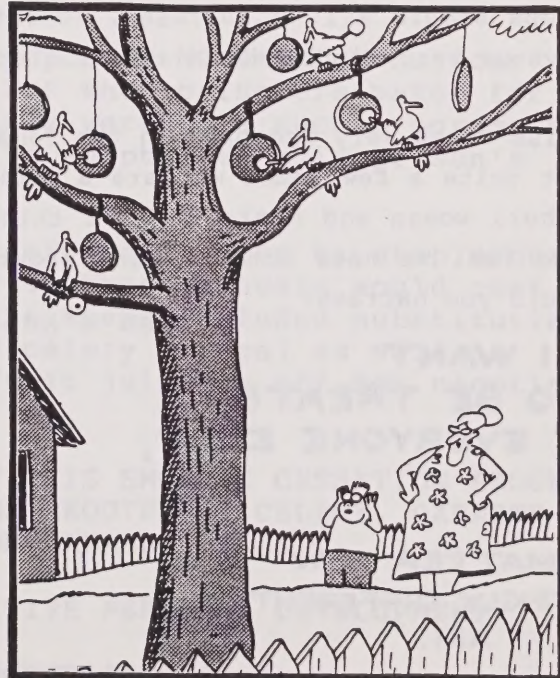


THE WHISTLING BELLIES
were
Susie Hunt
Brenda Blondell
Cherry Platts
Betty Case

Baubo

In the Eleusinian Mysteries, celebrated at one of the oldest temples in Greece, Baubo was a female clown who managed to draw laughter from the Goddess Demeter in the midst of her grief, when she was hiding away and withholding the gift of fertility from the world. Along with limping Iambe, the female spirit of lewd verse in the 'limping' iambic meter, Baubo induced the Great Mother to forget her anger long enough to take a little nourishment.

GONG ON!!



Gong birds

"A VIEW FROM A WOMAN"

I consider myself every inch a woman (note the spelling) and am very proud of it, but it seems a lot of women don't want me to be proud of that. I'm considered to be very argumentive when it comes to men and femminist issues, and I think I always will be.

Being a housewife is looked down upon by "Womyn". I know of quite a few woman who are very happy being a housewife but if they were to say that at some of the femminist protest's I've seen, they would be treated like Lepers. Why can't we accept that some women enjoy being what they are? Some like being prostitutes, some like being center fold's and believe it or not folk's some even enjoy working in an office instead of loading 200lb crates.

I recently read in the newspaper that a young girl left home and became a hooker, not just for the money but because that's what she wanted to do. Her mother combed the streets looking for her and when she found her, told her to come home. The girl refused and the mother literally kidnapped her, tied her up and tried to force her into believing she did not want to be a hooker. The girl escaped and went immediately back to the streets. Other concerned women got involved and were saying there had to be a "PIMP" mixed up in it somewhere!!

Whose line of thought is scrambled? I feel the kiddie porn shops and rape magazine shops should all be harrassed, (burnt to the ground is what I really mean) and leave us very simple woman alone. Let us enjoy our men!!

Lesbianism seems very accepted in the femminist movement and that's great, but I have met quite a few women who are a living hell. Why don't we just appreciate each other, women and men? I don't think either one is better than the other but I do feel we need both. Think about it "WOMYN" if there were no men, who else would you harrass?

Hash O'Keefe

**ALL I WANT
IS TO BE TREATED
LIKE EVERYONE ELSE,**

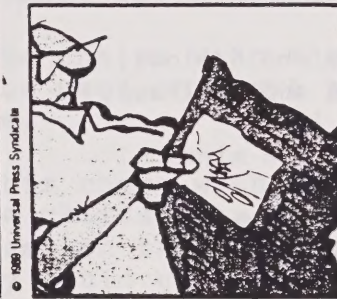
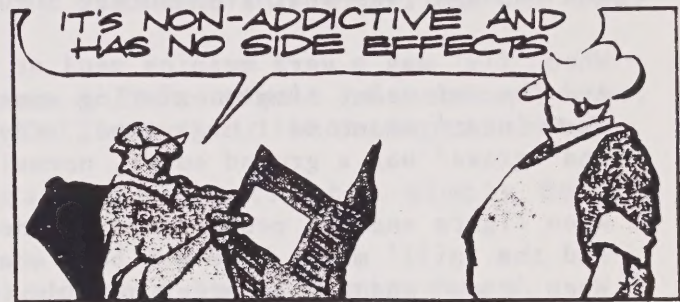
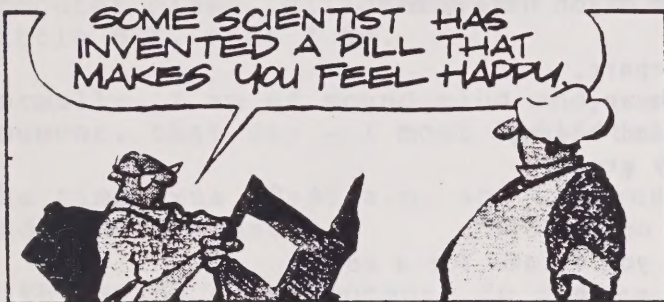
**NO MATTER HOW
REVOLTINGLY DIFFERENT
I AM.**

**YOU
REACHED ME
JUST IN TIME**

**I WAS BEGINNING
TO FEEL
CONFIDENT AGAIN.**

HERMAN

by JIM UNGER



(The prison administration is still trying to find an alternative smoking cessation program censor board comment, June '89)

This reminds me of the current state of affairs at the Prison for Women and is well illustrated by the current NON-SMOKING Campaign.

The Administration has busily posted NO SMOKING notices, tobacco prices are sky high but when prisoners asked for a Smoking Cessation Program, they were told such programs were too costly and/or could not be adapted to this prison's environment.

What could be offered was a self-help, step by step manual from the Tuberculosis Society. These manuals would cost about \$10. each. However, the steps included substituting low-calorie food (carrot and celery sticks) as well as drinking plenty of natural fruit juice to off-set nicotine withdrawal complications.

SECURITY REFUSED APPROVAL OF THIS SMOKING CESSATION PROGRAM ON THE GROUNDS THAT THE ITEMS REQUIRED...CELERY, CARROTS AND NATURAL FRUIT JUICES WERE CONTRABAND.

ANOTHER ROUTE TO POSITIVE PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT

BLOCKED!!!

J. Mayhew

REMEMBER WHEN

Remember when 'hippie' meant big in the hips,
And 'trip' involved travel in cars, planes and ships,
When 'pot' was a vessel for cooking things in,
And 'hooked' was what grandmother's rugs might have been?

When 'fix' was a verb meaning mend or repair,
And 'be in' meant simply existing somewhere,
When 'neat' meant well organized, tidy and clean,
And 'grass' was a ground cover, normally green?

When lights and not people were 'turned on and off',
And the 'pill' might have not been what you'd take for a cough,
When 'camp' meant to quarter outside in a tent,
And 'pop' was what the weasel went?

When 'groovey' meant furrowed with lumps and hollows,
And 'chicks' were young chickens, robins and swallows,
When 'fuzz' was a substance fluffy like lint,
And 'bread' came from bakeries, not from the mint?

When 'square' meant a ninety degree angle form,
And 'cool' was a temperature not quite warm,
When 'roll' was a bun and 'rock' was a stone,
And 'hang up' was what you did with a phone?

When 'chicken' was poultry and 'bag' was a sack,
And 'junk' trashy cast offs and old brick-a-brack,
When 'jam' was a preserve you spread on your bread,
And 'crazy' meant weird, not right in the head?

When 'cat' was a feline, a kitten grown up,
And 'tea' a hot liquid you drank in a cup,
And 'swinger' was one who swung on a swing,
And 'pad' was sort of a cushiony thing?

When 'way out' meant distance far, far away,
And a man couldn't sue you for calling him 'gay',
When 'dig' meant to shovel, with a spade in the dirt,
And 'put on' was something you did with your shirt?

When 'tough' meant unwielding to chew,
And 'making a scene' was a rude thing to do,
When 'joint' meant a connection between shoulder and arm,
And 'pigs' were always raised on a farm?

Words once so sensible, sober and serious
Are making the 'freak scene' like psychedelerious!
It's groovy, man groovy, but English it's not,
Me thinks the whole language has gone straight to pot!

submitted by Bonnie Walford

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT!

The other day, while donning my cleaners' hat, I found myself in Herms' Computer class, diligently performing my cleaning duties, like the busy little BEE, that I am.

Normally, I am of sound mind and possess a fair amount of common sense. However, that day - I most definitely fell short in that department.

The time, was 10:45 a.m. and all was quiet on the front - simply Herm and myself present.

With having a few moments to spare, I suddenly had a brain storm, which to my misfortune, later developed into a mini hurricane!

I decided to wax the chairs with the furniture polish, which by the way, indicated to be used on vinyl products etc. and thought there would be no problem.

While performing this chore with vigor, Herm was complimenting me, on how **"beautiful"** the chairs were beginning to look. I jokingly retorted "I had better go easy on the wax, or the girls will have my head or whatever else, they could get their hands on!!" We both laughed.

Approximately, one hour later, now donning my students' hat, returned to Herms', now filled to capacity class - ready to go to battle - re my math.

Within moments, I noticed Linda, fidgeting with her chair, mumbling in the process and then quite suddenly change chairs spurting out "how the hell could my pants get so **slippery** on the lunch hour!

Being no dummy - I suddenly knew, I could be in serious trouble and looked to Herm for support. However, one look at him and my sense of humour took precedent and we both exploded with laughter!

At this point - Linda was not only confused, but bordering on the verge of annoyance over our outburst.

By now - I knew, without a doubt - I **WAS** in serious trouble!

I quickly decided to take the **BULL** by the horns and inform her, along with the class, of the **real** problem - being obviously, not her pants, but my waxed chairs. At this point, the entire class cracked up and I must add, so did Linda, being the **good sport**, that she is.

This should have been the end of my tale, if **LADY LUCK** would have been with me that day, however she wasn't.

There was a period of time, following this episode, that I was absent from the class and upon return, I detected a definite coolness in the air, a factor at that moment, I could not fathom.

Not being able to contain herself any longer, Linda suddenly informed me in no un-certain terms, that I had better do something with these **damn** nhairs and proceeded to tell me of her earlier plight with same.

Apparently, while I was missing in action, Linda unfortunately - literally **slid off** her chair unto the floor! At which point, Herm immediately jumped up and being the concerned person he is, said "are you alright?"

Linda **retorted** - "how the hell, can I be alright?"

I'm afraid friends, my lack of control took hold and consequently for the second time that day - **cracked up**, but this time in a far more complete and uncontrollable manner - the tears were over-flowing, which to my chagrin, activated the entire class into **bedlam**.

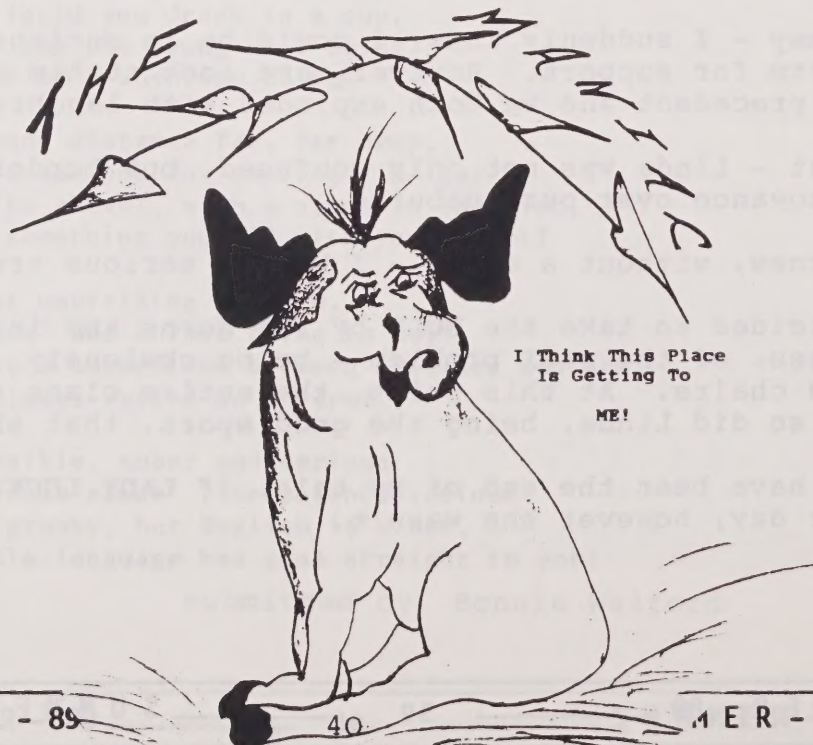
Finally - end of tale however, I must add, how impressibly Linda conducted herself throughout it all - she was able to not only, laugh with us, but more importantly at herself - how many of us can?

Christina Dawn "**Corkie**" Boyland

Footnote :-

I've sinned, washed down the ill fated **chairs** and have been classified, as a **MANIAC** with a dust cloth and polish in the process, and consequently, have made my mark, after only a very short period of time, here at P4W - oh well, what can I say - "**You can't win them all.**"

"**Corkie**"



DID YOU

...that in 1833 Homosexuality was a Capitol Offence in Canada & you could have been hung for it.(GAS?)



POT SHOTS No 1066 ©1987 Ashleigh Brilliant

IF YOU NEVER TRY ANYTHING NEW, YOU'LL MISS MANY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT DISAPPOINTMENTS.

...that if you scramble all of the letters in the "Doors" classic, "Mr.Mojo.Risin" it spells Jim Morrison.

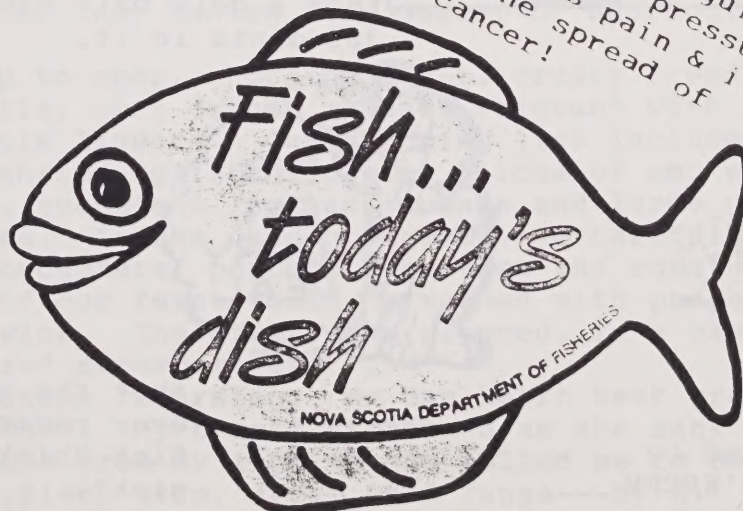
Ashleigh Brilliant

...that "step on" backwards spells "no pets" sorry folks, no satanic message here!

...that the greatest racehorse of all time was "Eclipse" from England.



...that eating fish regularly can reduce blood pressure, tame arthritis pain & it may slow the spread of cancer!

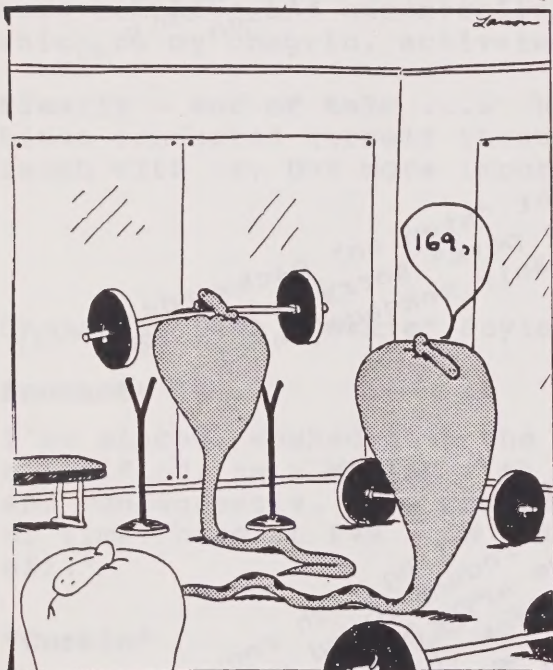


SURVIVALWOMAN SAYS...



KNOW...?

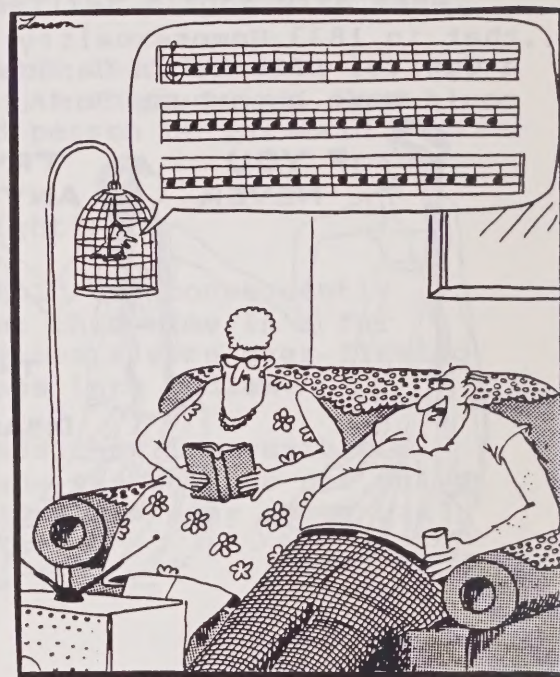
...that in 1948 Alex Khatiashiuti of the Soviet Union, jerked a 72 pound barbell over his head 170 times non-stop!



...that a golf ball has 363 dents in it.



compiled by
HASH O'KEEFE



"Hit the bird, Ruth—he's stuck."



...that the hardest tongue twister ever recorded is "The Sixth Sick Shiek's sixth sheeps sick".

A Bedtime Story --- for A Range

Eagerly, Jan listened to the last sounds of the range settling down for the night. The eleven o'clock signal had been given, cage handles were down and the wheel had been spun. The voices of women around called out with final jabs of humor, last good-nights between friends and lovers.

For Jan it was a moment of transition. Events of another jailhouse day rushed through her mind. She remembered how she'd struggled to hide tears of disappointment when her visitor hadn't shown; her anger at seeing another regulation posted by Unit Management; and a nagging guilty memory of two brownies --super large-- eaten at lunch.

After 978 nights in this same place, the whirl of her thinking had become familiar. Gradually, Jan had come to view the locking-in as also a locking away into her private treasured vault of fantasy. She had come to look forward to the delicious selection of non-fattening erotica.

To-night, as deep quiet settled, she slide under the light layers of bedding, enjoying that special, once weekly treat of freshly laundered sheets settling against the smoothness of her skin. Her head found gentle retreat in the cushion of her pillow. Slowly she began to reclaim the vision of a distant shinning future day.

They planned to meet again. It was to be a warm afternoon on the sandy beaches of the blue Pacific Ocean. In her mind, Jan was swiftly transported to that place. Now she was lying on a rougher beach blanket. The pores of her skin growing taunt from the light salt layer leftover from their foreplay in the breaking surf.

Josie had gone back to the car for the last of the coolers containing their afternoon feast. They had spent most of yesterday's afternoon shopping for delicacies they had so long dreamt of sharing.

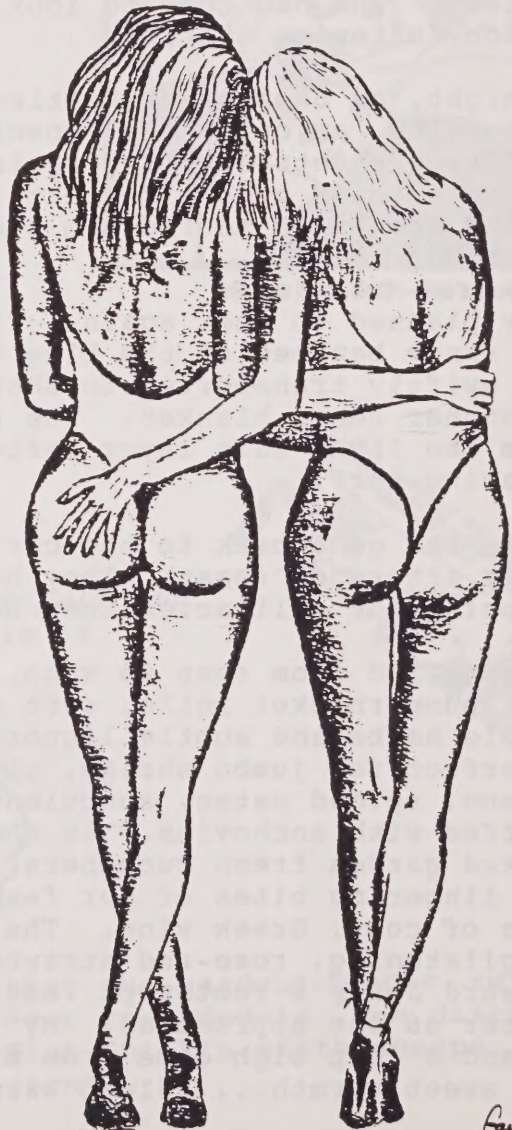
We strolled from shop to shop, choosing light, crusty bread, dark pumpernickel rolls, soft creamy cheeses fragrant with both subtle herbs and subtle liquors. Our shopping list included a perfect few jumbo shrimp, glistening pink slices of smoked salmon, spiced pates, succulent Italian sausage and large olives stuffed with anchovies. At the outdoor market, we carefully picked garden fresh cucumbers, peppers, tomatoes and romaine. The lingering bites of our feast would be washed with pungent sips of cool, Greek wine. The climax, we planned, in a basket of glistening, rose-red strawberries....

I heard Josie's footsteps returning. My own heart beat grew faster as she approached. My throat tightened as she sank beside me and a deep sigh came from my lips as she pulled me to her own sweet warmth.....Sleep warm, dream on A range---by X.

to be continued.....later

Visions of a woman bathed in a rainbow aura
 I imagine the feel of her kiss on my face
 Babies breath
 Butterfly wings
 Caress me.
 This woman my vision
 drives me to the brink of insanity
 with an empowering hunger
 to bond with her
 to be as one.
 Her hair is aflame with fire colors
 Autumn leaves
 Her eyes all knowing
 Kaleidoscopic, Seductive
 Long limbs moving with sensuous grace
 She beckons me
 Welcoming my embrace.
 AHHH the very smell of her.
 My sorceress, my vision
 I reach for her my need
 for her too much to bear
 And
 I awaken
 Soaked in nightsweats
 My lover a sweatsoaked empty bed!!!
 I cry, alone in the dark.

Patrice... March 15th 1989





C L O U D

Slowly drifting hand in hand
 Gliding our feet through the
 Golden sand
 The sun shone bright yellow-red
 Through the sound of the waves
 I thought he'd said
 There hovers a cloud.

We sat on the rock
 To watch the tide drift away
 The sunset dreamy
 The earth & sky one
 Still hovered one cloud
 a lonely cloud.

We lay on the beach
 We love until dawn
 The ripples of life
 Through is how they shone
 There was the cloud
 A dark cloud.

In the morning I woke
 The cold chilled my bones
 In the air was feeling of old
 I turned to my side
 On our loving sand bed
 I reached for my lover
 My lover was dead.

The cloud was gone
 The Sun yellow-red
 I realized he was all in my head.

Bev McAvoy

Beyond the shadows of Doubt

And endlessly seeking
Love faith and
Warmth on red
Moonlite nights I feel
And read a story
That blends into your
Raven hair and
And your black sea
Pearl eyes.

Anger, pain & hate live
Within our hearts
as a light of red
Beams on to eternity
The lake is calm
And the gulls are
Flying low
Yet the water is deep.

And what you are
Is what I am
From folded hands
To red head bands
Come on a journey
To unknown seas
Of unconsciousness
And seductive
Love. As I make
Love to you
With my eyes
Mind and untouching bodies

C. STONECHILD
-88-



A FATAL ACCIDENT

This is an open letter to all parents of all young people everywhere. I am writing in response to some of the questions you ask me daily. I am not one police officer, but I represent every officer in every city and town in Canada.

You may know me only as the cop who gave you a ticket last summer, but I am also the guy who lives down the street from you. I am the parent of three children and I share with you the same hopes, ambitions and dreams that you have for your children. I am faced with the same problems as you have. I share with you those moments of agony and ecstasy. I share with you the feeling of guilt, shame or disappointment when my boy or girl gets into trouble.

The scene is a long stretch of highway with a sharp curve at one end. It had been raining and the roads were slick. A car travelling in excess of 126 km/h missed the curve and plowed into an embankment where it became airborne and struck a tree. At this point, two of the three young persons were hurled from the vehicle, one into the roadway, where the car landed on him, snuffing out his life like a discarded cigarette on the asphalt. He is killed instantly and he is the lucky one.

The girl thrown into the tree has her neck broken and although she was voted queen of the senior prom, and most likely to succeed, she will now spend the next 60 years in a wheelchair.

Unable to do anything else, she will live and relive that terrible moment over again many times. When I arrive, the car has come to rest on its top, the broken wheels have stopped spinning. Smoke and steam pour out of the engine ripped from its mounting by a terrible force. An eerie calm has settled over the scene and it appears deserted except for one lone traveller who called it in.

He is sick to his stomach, leaning against his car for support. The driver is conscious but in shock and unable to free himself from

under the bent steering column. His face will be forever scarred by deep cuts from broken glass and jagged metal. Those cuts will heal, but the ones inside cannot be touched by the surgeon's scalpel.

The third passenger has almost stopped bleeding, the seat and his clothing are covered in blood from an artery cut in his arm by the broken bone that protrudes from his forearm just below the elbow. His breath comes in short gasps as he tries desperately to suck air past his blood-filled airway. He is unable to speak and his eyes, bulged and fixed on me pleadingly, are the only communications that he is terrified and wants my help. I feel a pang of guilt and recognize him as a boy I let off with a warning the other night for an open container of alcohol in his car. Maybe if I had cited him then, he wouldn't be here now. Who knows? I don't.

He died soundlessly in my arms, his pale blue eyes staring vacantly, as if trying to see into the future he will never have. I remember watching him play basketball and wonder what will happen to the scholarship he will never use. Dully my mind focuses on a loud scream and I identify it as the girl who was thrown from the vehicle. I race to her with a blanket, but I am afraid to move her.

Her head is tilted at an exaggerated angle. She seems unaware of my presence there and whimpers for her mother like a little child. In the distance, I hear the ambulance winding its way through the rainy night. I am filled with incredible grief at the waste of so valuable a resource, our youth.

I am sick with anger and frustration with parents and leaders who think a little bit of alcohol won't hurt anything. I am filled with contempt for people who propose lowering the drinking age because they will get booze anyway, so why not make it legal. I am frustrated with laws, court rulings and other legal maneuvering that restricts my ability to do my job, preventing this kind of tragedy.

The ambulance begins the job of scraping up and removing the dead and injured. I stand by, watching as hot tears mingle with rain and drip off my cheeks.

I will spend several hours on reports and several months trying to erase from my memory the details of that night. I will not be alone. The driver will recover and spend the rest of his life trying to forget. I know the memory of this fatal accident will be diluted and mixed with other similar accidents I will be called in to cover.

Yes I am angry, and sick at heart with trying to do my job and being tagged the bad guy. I pray to God that I might never have to face another parent in the night and say your daughter Susan, or your son Bill, has just been killed in a car accident.

You ask me, why did this happen?

It happened because a young person, stoned out of his mind, thought that he could handle two tons of hurtling death at 128 km/h. It happened because an adult, trying to be a "good guy" bought for or sold to some minor a case of beer. It happened because you as parents weren't concerned enough about your child to know where he was and what he was doing; and you were unconcerned about minors and alcohol abuse and would rather blame me for harassing them when I was only trying to prevent this kind of tragedy. It happened because, as people say, you believe this kind of thing only happens to someone else.

For your sake I hope it doesn't happen to you, but if you continue to regard alcohol abuse as part of growing up, then please keep your porch light on because some cold, rainy night, you will find me at your doorstep, staring at my feet with a message of death for you.

This article was written by Dale Martel, with the Campbell River, B.C. R.C.M.P. Marine Division. Reprinted with permission.

" W H E R E A M I G O I N G "

Night life
Bright lights
Such a sight to see
Fast cars
Sleazy bars
Seems like home to me
Strange foreigners
Hookers' corners
Isn't this just wild?
Oh God
No more
The junk took another child
cocaine
c-train
Gets you where you're going
A few pills
Cheap thrills
Shit who am I foolin?
Slow down
Hold on
I'll live another year
Fight back
Puff of crach
Oops I slipped
Home life
That's nice
I think I'll stay awhile
me
mine
I wake up with a smile!
Touch of class

There's the brass!
Better find an alley
What a way
To do each day
Ducking, hiding - from what?
Holy shit
Loosin it
Someone pull me out
Can't hold on
Treading hard
Can't fight
Fading fast
What a blast
Going under
Going down
Going down
It's alright
Welcome back
Here have another
Thanks no
Have to go
My child needs a Mother
Sing a song
Read a book
Say, this is really great!
No crap
No lies
No torment
No hate
That's where I'm going

" H O M E "

Bev McAvoy

PRISON FOR WOMEN

CHAPLAINCY

SUMMER SCHEDULE 1989

MAY - OCT 1989

SUNDAY	2:00	Salvation Army Service (1st Sunday monthly)
	8:00	Protestant Chapel New Life film (1st Sunday monthly)
	6:00	Native Prayer Time
TUESDAY	4:00	Supper and Bible Time
	6:00	Family Violence Initiative
WEDNESDAY	11:00	Lunch and Bible Study
THURSDAY	12:15	R.C. Mass

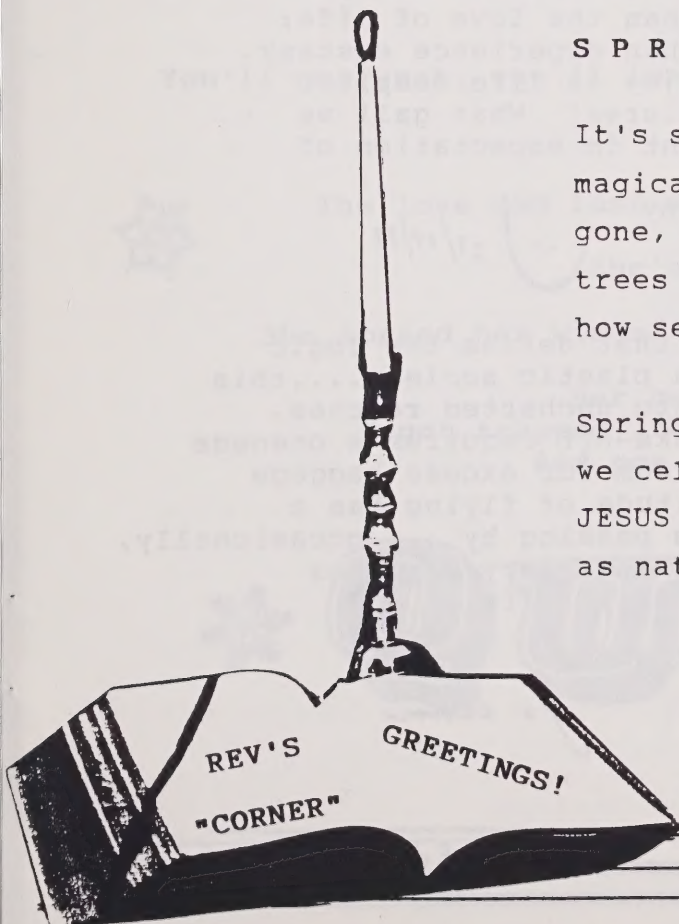
.....

SPRINGTIME

It's springtime again - that wondrous, magical time of year, when all the snow has gone, the grass is green, the flowers and trees bud - when our dreary attitudes somehow seem to be revived and brightened.

Spring and Easter are related. At Easter, we celebrate the death and resurrection of JESUS - when he died and rose again. Just as nature revives to new life in springtime.

"I TRUST, THAT YOU WILL KNOW
NEWNESS OF LIFE THIS SPRINGTIME"



SHIFTING IN SOLITUDE

Brave traveller, your journey "through mysterious and often dark patterns", that inevitably lead to illuminating discoveries, are quintessential adventures of **Life**. Isn't it sad that so many of us used to exist but refused to live? The irony of your "Divine Comedy" is that we only came to discover who we really are after most of the world had forsaken us, or more precisely, we forsook it. There is pathos in that in the **monasteries of the damned** we have found liberation. Who could exchange the freedom of these cloisters for the prison of past lives??? ...Well, sometimes I like to fool myself.

The absurdity of my "straight-john" life was that I was a mere reflection of a man - a clone of a commercial perception. Even my honesty was a lie, for it was the enactment of someone else's script; a well orchestrated public relations campaign designed to fool everyone - especially myself. Such a plastic existence is a desperately lonely life, for it robs one of the potential of being. What delusions of grandeur we entertain from behind the anonymity of masks.

Yes, the Theology of Guilt would have us mortify our bodies and spirits in perpetual penance for past sins. That is why religion has failed to foster the renewal that spirituality promises. Religion, (or more precisely its institutions), insist on confining us to attitudes and perceptions of other plastic people. Matthew Fox attributes such blindness to our cultural fixation with death rather than the love of life; our preference for condemnation rather than the love of life; our preference for condemnation rather than experience ecstasy. The nerve of us "late bloomers" finding joy in life despite our labels, impediments and multiple failures! What gall we have to celebrate **Life**, to dream and plant in expectation of reaping VIA POSITIVA.

by

J. 27/04/89

There is a particular brand of courage that defies the logic and rationale that gives substance to a plastic society....this courage risks flights of soul-spirit into uncharted reaches. The risk of such flying is enormous, take-off requires a oneness of mind focused on the positive....no room for excess baggage of doubt or "public opinion." The solitude of flying has a lonely glory ... shadows hint of others passing by ... occasionally, rarely the wings of flyers do touch and the glory explodes into a dazzling radiance enriching all daily life.

MEEGWETCH

Jo. Ann

SNOW



She spread her wings////////she looked so pure,

Her beauty is divine;

The mystery that she radiates,

Let's fly and do a line!

The looks are that of goddess,

So white, so clean, she glows;

Your borderline suspicious,

It's only time, she knows////and soon you'll want

to chat with her,

Of course she'll chat with you;

You'll tell her all your problems, she knows just

what to do.

You'll get weak, you'll long for her, your friend's

think your insane;

The love and lust you feel for her,

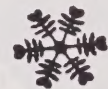
She's gotten to your brain.

She spread her wings////////she looked so pure,

Her beauty was divine,

I got trapped, thought I was cool,

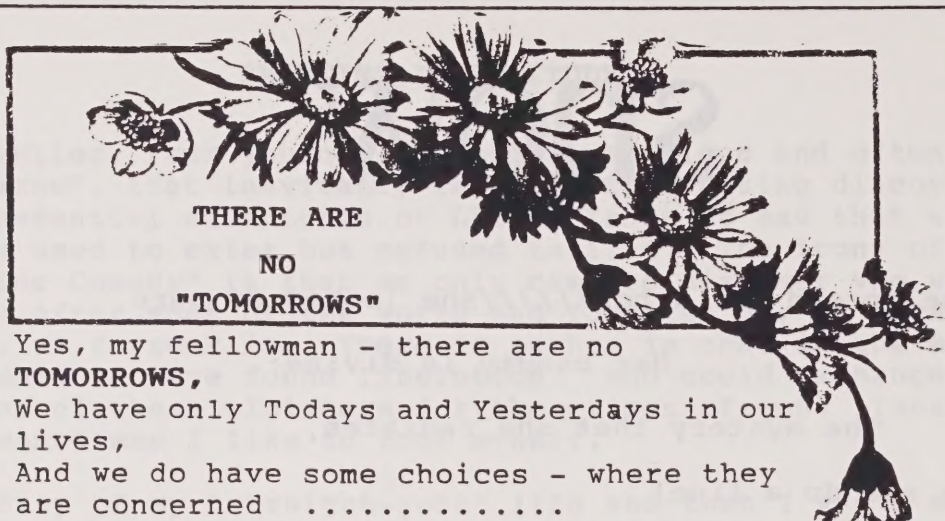
And now I'M DOING TIME!!



QUEEN

JOE NEMETH

477757 A



"TODAYS"

- We can choose to hold onto only the good moments, and let go of all the bad ones.
- We can choose to comfort those, who are in need of comfort - or not waste the time and effort to do so.
- We can choose to overlook moments of hate and anger or harbor them and hold on forevermore creating grudge upon grudge.

WHERE DOES A GRUDGE ORIGINATE FROM?

It comes from an insignificant "small" moment.

We do have the option to make that "small" moment of hate and anger to be simply a mole hill, or let it fester and build into a mountain.

"Can we learn to focus on only the good within a day,
Allowing the bad to be less important,
Thus, enabling us to put our lives into perspective".

"If we are able to put forth that conscious effort in applying the foregoing to our lives, perhaps then and only then, we can achieve a better sense of happiness and a greater feeling of peace within".

I beseech you fellowman, to build your future only one day at a time and try diligently to live each moment to the fullest for your sake and fellowmans'.

"YESTERDAYS"

They are merely - what we make of our todays.

THE CHOICE IS OURS TO SOME DEGREE - WHAT WILL YOUR CHOICE BE?"

Christina Dawn "CORKIE" Boyland

Dear Readers: Today I am recommending one of the most useful books I have read in a long time. This book was written to help people with low self-esteem accept themselves and stop feeling like losers.

These chapter titles will give you an idea of what you can expect to find between the covers of "Who Do You Think You Are?" by Joel Wells.

- Put Downs: Their Care and Feeding
- The Killing Field of Adolescence
- Body Self-Image
- A Woman's Place Is —
- The Senior Citizen and Self-Esteem
- Self-Esteem for the Widowed and Divorced
- Dealing with Imposed Expectations
- Positive Steps for Building Self-Esteem

"Trying to live up to parental and family expectations," the author writes, "has made millions of people miserable. Too often, men and women find themselves in jobs they hate and they hate themselves for staying in those jobs. They put themselves through misery and suffer from boredom as they dutifully follow family rituals because they feel they must.

"We all are programmed to please those we care about and those who care about us. But the plain truth is that we do not have to do or be what others expect us to be. Most of us can get closer to our real selves if we sort out and dispose of the outdated and unrealistic expectations that others have imposed on us. The more baggage we are able to shed, the more completely will we become our own person."

Too often we let what we perceive to be our flaws and inadequacies limit our potential for fulfillment and contentment. This book tells us how to free ourselves from such negative thinking.

Actor Rod Steiger said, "The most important thing is to be whatever you are without shame. It is not a question of whether you can be somebody. You are somebody."

column by

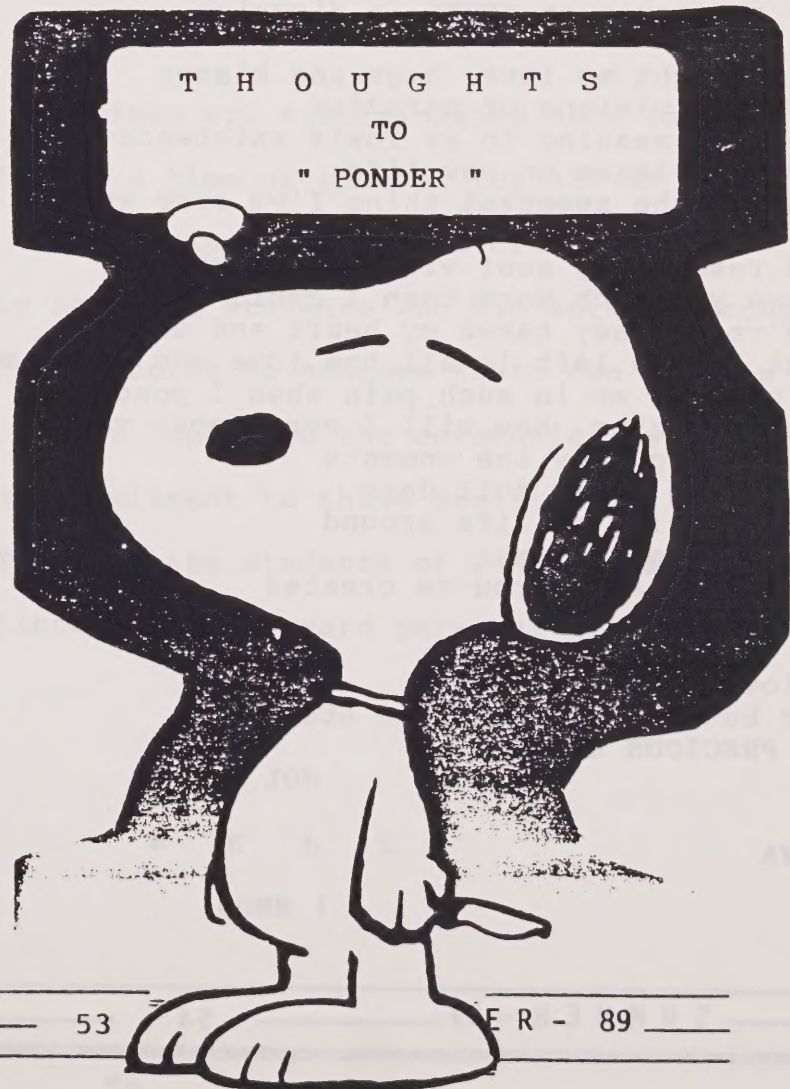
ANN LANDERS

When in your mind
You have come to a decision
Without really understanding the point,
Check it out first before anything else
You may have heard someone else's bias
Understanding is more important
Than losing yourself in battles.

You have your own mind
Your mind that has power to yourself
If you have any doubt to decide
LEAVE IT ALONE before any damage is done.

IT IS BETTER TO SPARE A LIFE
THAN DESTROYING BY CHANCE

J.T. - submitted by MAVA



DEVOTION TO YOU

I was use to living in the grim and the down pour,
My world was filled of darkness, laced with constant rain,
Splashing through mud puddles, I was numb to all known pain.

I often laughed, but only sardonically
Mainly to conceal my reality
I hid behind the sound of forced laughter
Lurking in the shadows of unreality.

Envious sardonic wit, my coerced companion
I begrudgingly, loved so.
Unlike the detested beast of loneliness
Who had slave driven my soul.

NOW

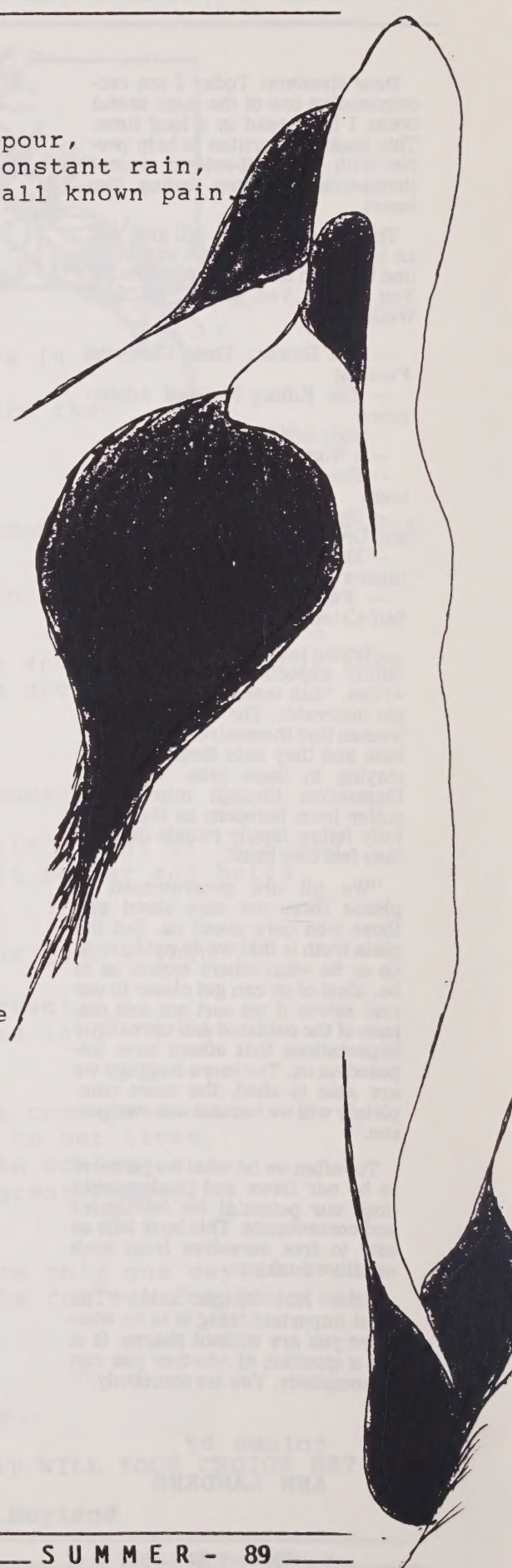
You alighted from the clear blue sky
Into my work of chain link fences
My home with gun-manned towers
Embedded in the ancient grey stone walls
My anger filled surroundings
Renowned, as **SHU** of **P.A. PEN**
You are truly an **ANGEL** in disguise.

You brought me love, hugs and kisses
Offering visions of paradise
You gave meaning to my lowly existence
Forced a lease on new life
You are the **sweetest** thing I've ever known.

You rescued by soul without a fight
I owe you much more than I could offer
You've already taken my heart and soul
What I have left is all the love you given me
It grieves me in such pain when I ponder
With thoughts, how will I ever repay you;
For taking away the moments
That made up my dull days
And changing my life around
Happy beggar I am
In the paradise you've created
FOR THAT,

I love you,
For but a moment, Beyond eternity,
MY PRECIOUS LADY

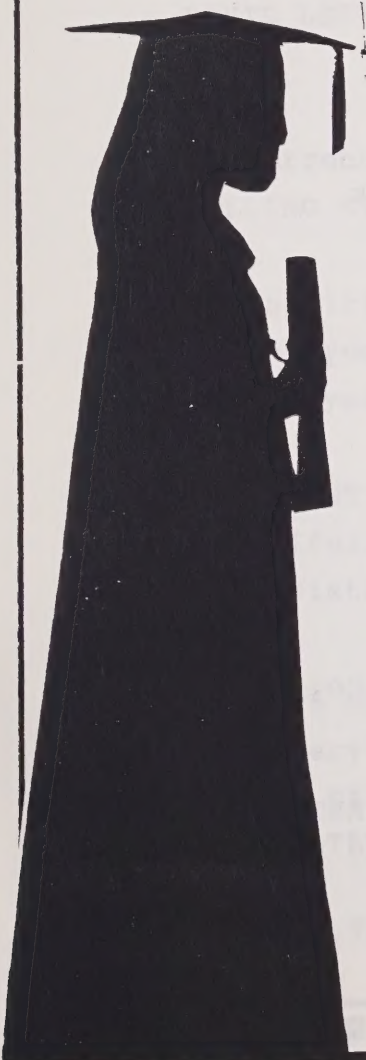
MAVA



STUDENT ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS CEREMONY

" BEING A STUDENT IS OFTEN A LONELY JOB "

There are times when the work seems pointless, boring and even worse, no one seems to care. Graduation exercises provide the opportunity for those around the student to say " well done, we care! ".



Graduation exercises are traditionally held in the spring, which is a time of renewal for all of life around us. This spring, graduation ceremonies at P4W publicly honoured students who had worked through the long winter months to achieve their own private goals. It is our hope that the ceremonies provided a renewal of commitment to those positive goals.

CONGRATULATIONS to the students of P4W and **BEST WISHES** as you continue to work toward personal growth.

A JOB

W E L L

DONE !

CONGRATULATIONS!!!! to DEBBIE COLYE CONGRATULATIONS!!!

A winner in the 1988 PRISON ARTS FOUNDATION COMPETITION

Debbie received especially favorable comments from her poetry judge, Mr. Al Rushton for the following poem:

SIX SUNS

White Sun
turns prairie around,
around and around its hours
red blue green years of faces

Black Sun
shows me
the coyote, the guy who measures roads
the ancestors whistling
in the seeds

Stone Sun
buries me
down down, down
under the waving blue hill
at the corner of Main and Higgins

Winter Sun
rolls the blue hill on top
over the black, green and red hills
black is the spring one, spring black
the colour of the earth
just after the snow melts
before the new crop takes over

Rain Sun
unhands hocked in the islands
people clasp each other anxiously
will this be another boom year?

Old Sun
sinks through the torn sky
under the faded horizon
nobody sees it fall.

by Debbie Coyle

ANYONE WISHING FURTHER INFORMATION ON THE PRISON ARTS FOUNDATION
CAN WRITE: 111 Darling Street, Brantford, Ont.. N3T 2K8



FAREWELL COMRADE !

A SPECIAL & UNIQUE INDIVIDUAL

" HASH O'KEEFE "

WE ARE GOING TO MISS YOU BUDDY!

- Helping us to appreciate and see the finer points of DAVID LETTERMAN, even though some of us think he's a GEEK!
- Correcting us on our ROCK TRIVIA - like the ROLLING STONES' mouth symbol does not have teeth.
- Inspiring us in our WEIGHT LIFTING, although some resent you staring out with the same weights, we took 7 years to lift.

But, **MOST OF ALL** - we'll miss **T I T S** - those **beautiful, beautiful BOOBS**, that have comforted our poor distrubed souls.

Anyways **HASH**, part of **your spirit**, will be here with us, everytime we hear a STONES' song, wear a HARLEY DAVIDSON T-shirt, or see DAVID LETTERMAN licking his lips (we know it's for you)

" TAKE C A R E - BECAUSE WE C A R E "

DEAR DRAGON LADY,

I like my girl **ALOT**. I wake up thinking of her and wanting her. I get wet, just looking at her. But, she never wants it before 9 p.m. Somedays, she says I'm sick - **WHAT SHOULD I DO?**

- going c r a z y -

*Dragon
Lady*



DEAR GOING CRAZY,

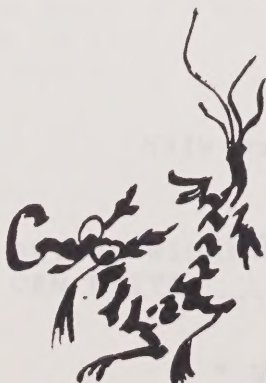
Well #1, I think your the normal one and your girl might be the sick one. Before 9 p.m., **THAT'S PATHETIC.**

SEX IS GREAT ANYTIME OF THE DAY, putting it into a schedule, takes the pleasure out of it.

MY ADVICE TO YOU - is to get a girl on the side from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.. It will cure the **late night stickies.**

LOVE

DRAGON LADY !!!!!



(If Dragon Lady's reply personally offends you - write **TIGHTWIRE** We'll print your reply !!)

'ROCK TRIVIA'

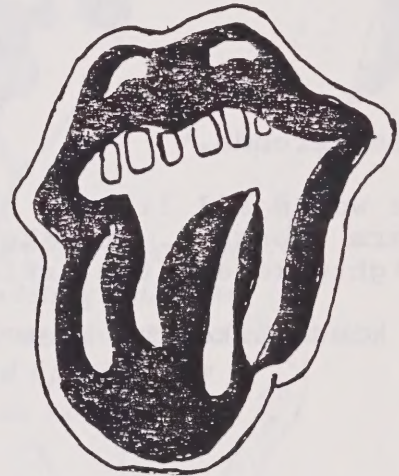
The first three drawn with all ten correct answers will score 10\$ in their current account.

Only one prize per person.

Draw will take place on July 28th, answers will be posted outside kitchen post.

"THE ROLLING STONES"

- 1) Name the original members of the Rolling Stones
- 2) What was their No.1 hit in the U.S.A.?
- 3) At what outside concert was a fan killed?
- 4) Who replaced Brian Jones?
- 5) Where did Mick Jagger go to school before entering the music business?
- 6) What record by the Stones was banned by many U.S. radio stations because of it's sexual implications?
- 7) "You'll come running back to me" because of what?
- 8) What color do the Stones want to paint a red door?
- 9) Name the documentary film which showed the Altamont concert.
- 10) According to the man on the radio, "What can't you be if you don't smoke the same cigarette as me"?



Hash O'Keefe



This page is
dedicated to
my bro, Tom,
A true Stones
fan!!!

"Torn "n" Frayed

A READER WRITES...

To the staff at Tightwire,

I'm not too good at writing the way I feel, and I'm not much of a reader, but your book caught my eye and my heart. I've read it three times.

A few of the articles brought tears to my eyes and lots of sadness to my heart. I think if courage awards were to be given, all of you at P.4.W. should receive one. To stand tall and for other people on the outside to realize that you are all human beings who do belong in this, (what they call) free world.

My thoughts are with you all and I wish you's all the best.

Keep your strength,
Brenda Carver.

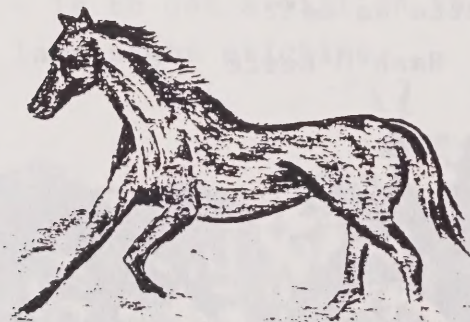
Dear Brenda,

We would all like to thank you for your kind words and warm thoughts. It makes it all worthwhile when we know that Tightwire and the articles in are being appreciated.

I kinda like the Free World part myself!

Keep Smilin My friend,
(smiles are free)

Hash xo



Important!

tightwire

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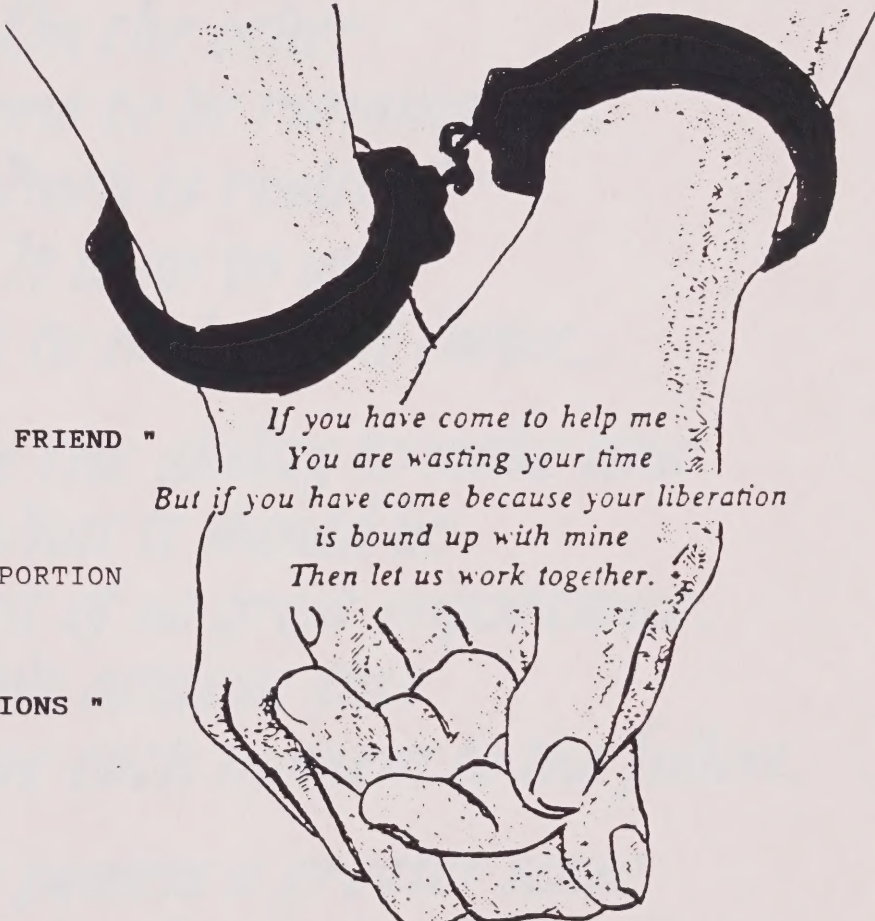
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*If you have come to help me
You are wasting your time
But if you have come because your liberation
is bound up with mine
Then let us work together.*

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Thank You!

TIME

*On one hand
There seems to be so much of it !*

*On the other
Time seems to be running out.
— Which is reality ? —*

*It is up to us
Each to make that choice.*

*We have the ability to make time
What it should be
An element of no great importance.*

*We achieve this
When we live each moment to the fullest.*

*Then, we possess a greater sense
of worth, of value in life —
finding a pathway to feeling more
happiness and peace within.*

Christina Dawn "Corkie" Boyland

November 9, 1988

S U B S C R I P T I O N



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see details - on subscription form inside

THANK YOU!

tightwire

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